



No 259 Rs 3.00

# THE **MIRACULOUS CONCH**

## AND A GAME OF CHESS



There are many who love to tell a story and many more who love to listen to one. And each time a story is retold, it acquires a new colour and a fresh dimension.

The grandmother who heard a story as a little girl from her grandmother, tells the same story to her grandchild but with a few embellishments of her own. The traveller from a distant land who happens to hear a story in the course of his travels, later tells it to his own people, modifying it to make it more dramatic or more acceptable to his audience. That is how stories which had first been told centuries ago have been kept alive and why we find recurring themes in the tales told in different regions separated by hundreds of miles.

This Amar Chitra Katha retells two stories from John Dorairaj's 'Miraculous Conch', a collection of folktales published in the Echo series of India Book House Publishing Company, Bombay.

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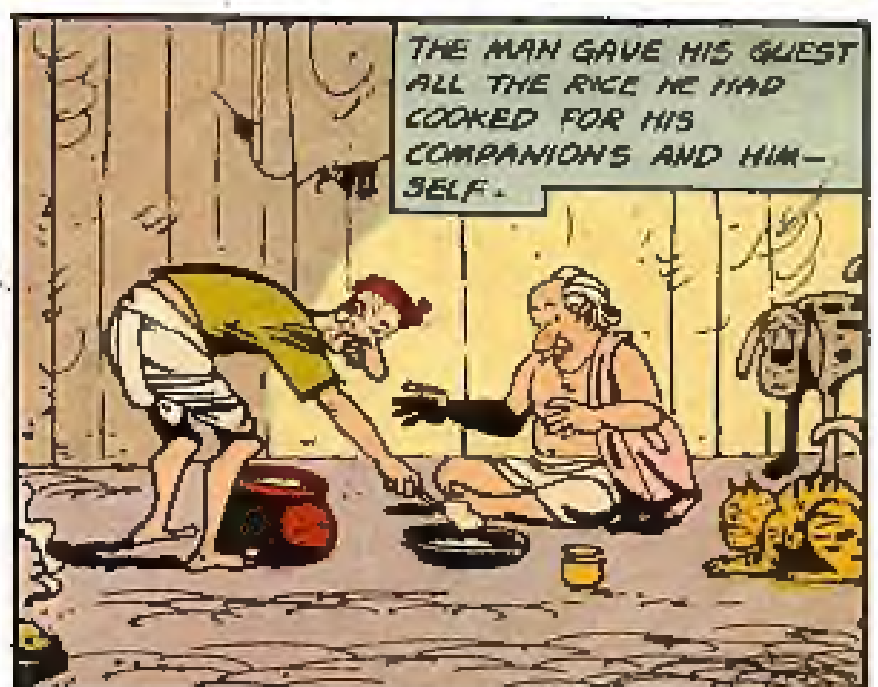
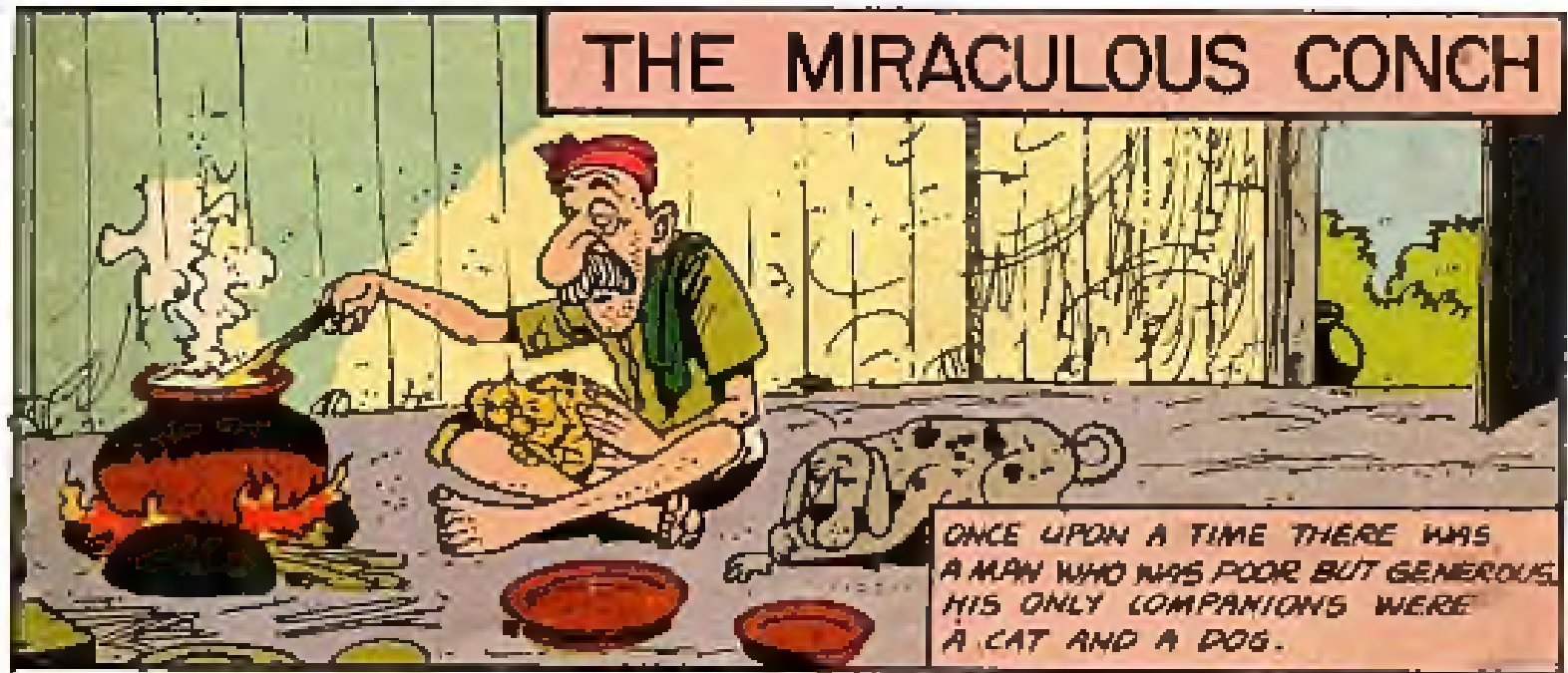
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# THE MIRACULOUS CONCH



THE GUEST ATE UP EVERY GRAIN OF IT.

NOW IF I COULD  
LIE DOWN  
SOMEWHERE...

MAKE  
YOURSELF  
COMFORTABLE  
ON THIS COT,  
SIR.

THE CAT, THE DOG AND  
THEIR MASTER WENT  
HUNGRY THAT NIGHT.

EARLY NEXT MORNING —

I FEEL  
REFRESHED. I AM  
GRATEFUL TO YOU  
FOR YOUR  
HOSPITALITY.

BEFORE I GO,  
HERE IS SOME-  
THING FOR YOU.

DROP THAT CONCH  
INTO THE POT THE  
NEXT TIME YOU  
COOK RICE.

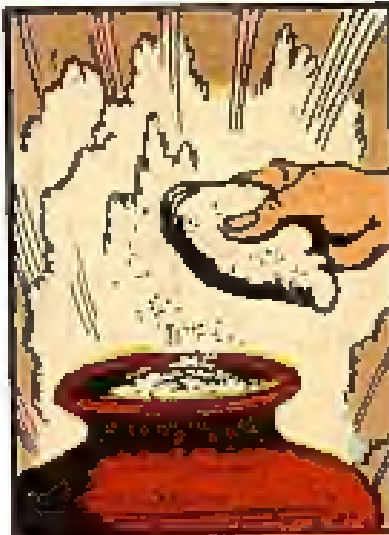
WHAT'S  
THE USE  
OF A  
CONCH?

NOW IF IT HAD BEEN  
MONEY, OUR MASTER  
COULD HAVE BOUGHT  
US SOME FOOD. I AM  
STARVING.



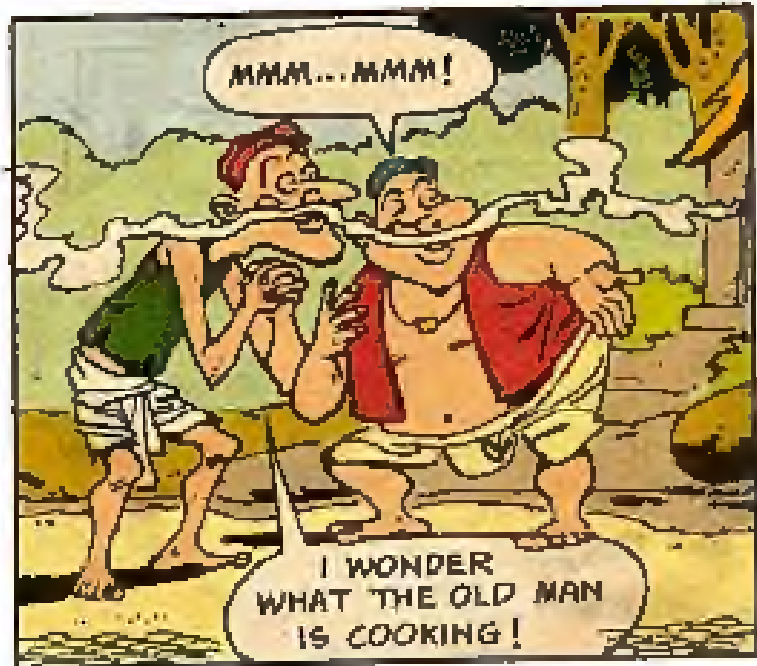
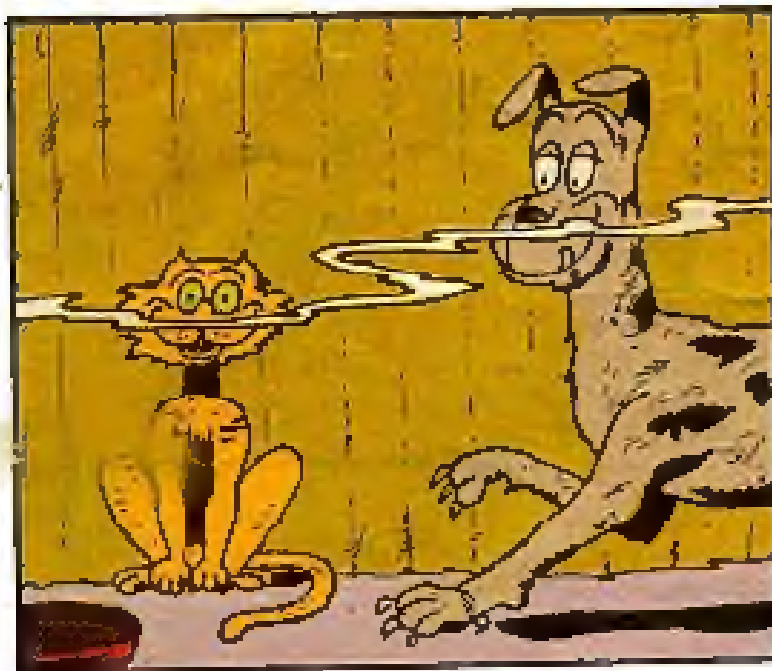
THAT AFTERNOON AS THE OLD MAN WAS COOKING A HANDFUL OF RICE WHICH HE HAD BORROWED FROM A NEIGHBOUR —

I'LL DROP THE CONCH IN AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS. IT MAY IMPROVE THE TASTE.



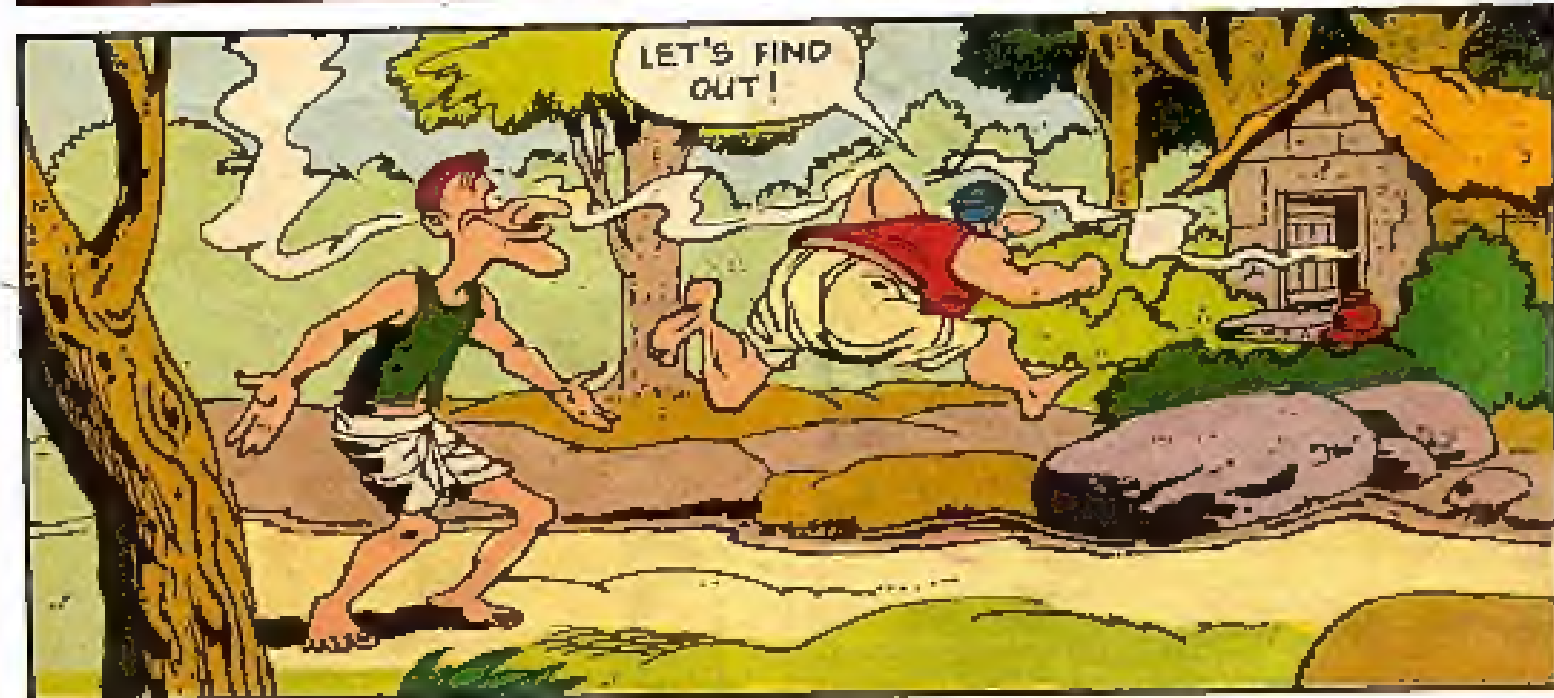
THE MOMENT HE DROPPED THE CONCH INTO THE POT...

...A DELICIOUS AROMA ROSE UP FROM IT.

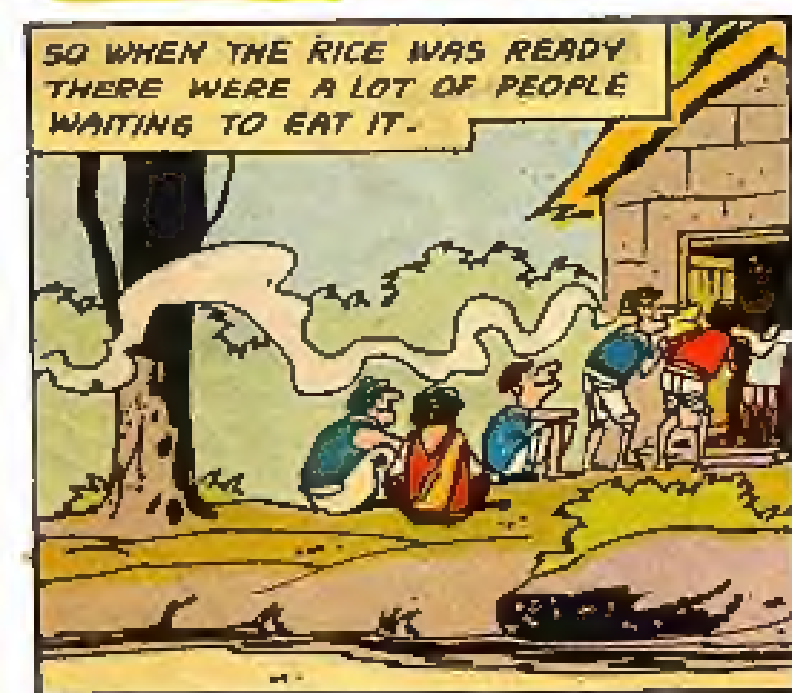
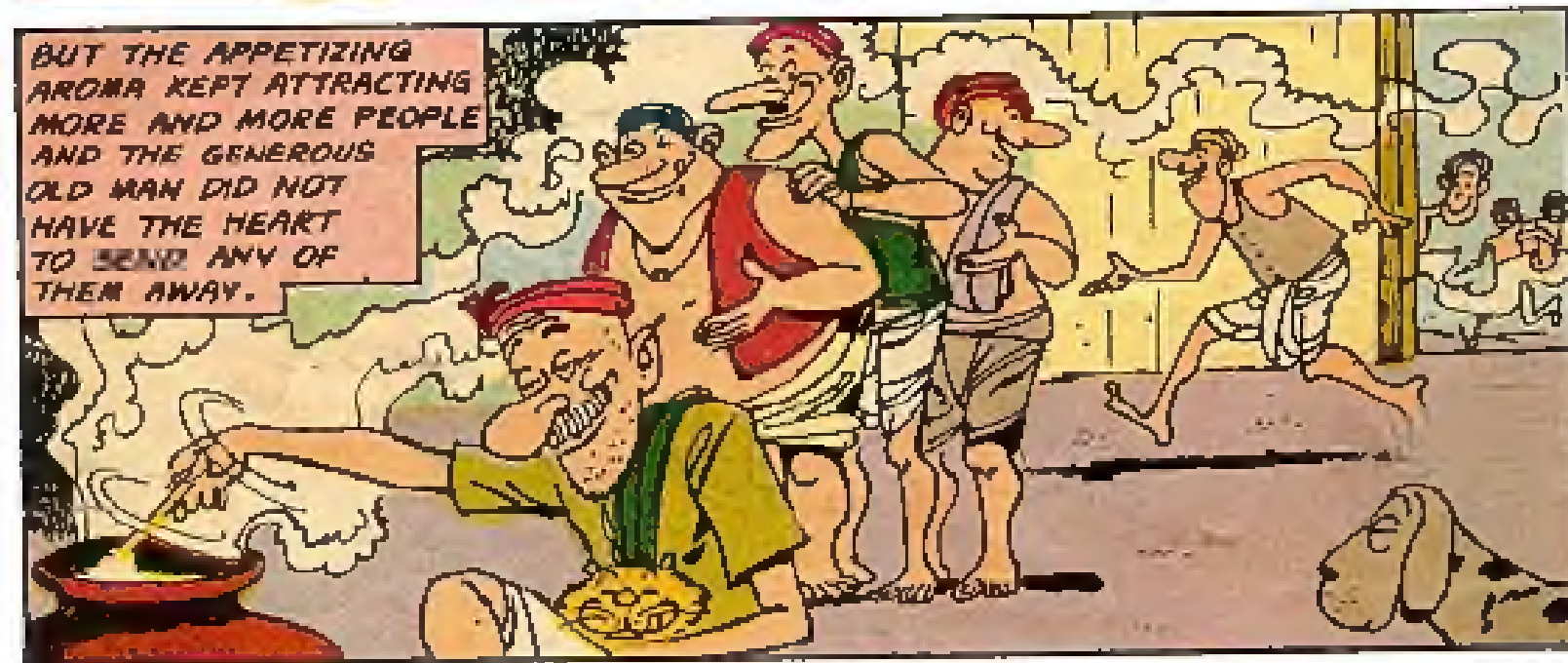
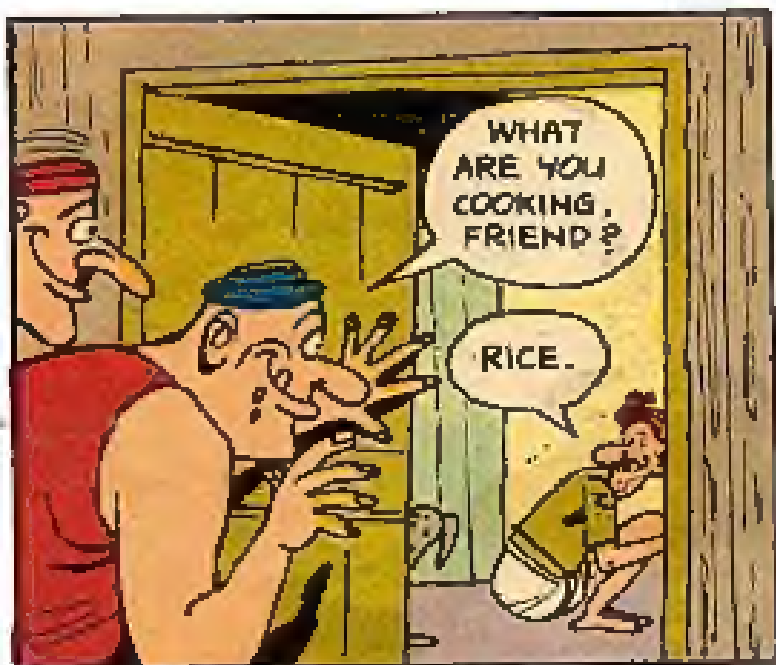


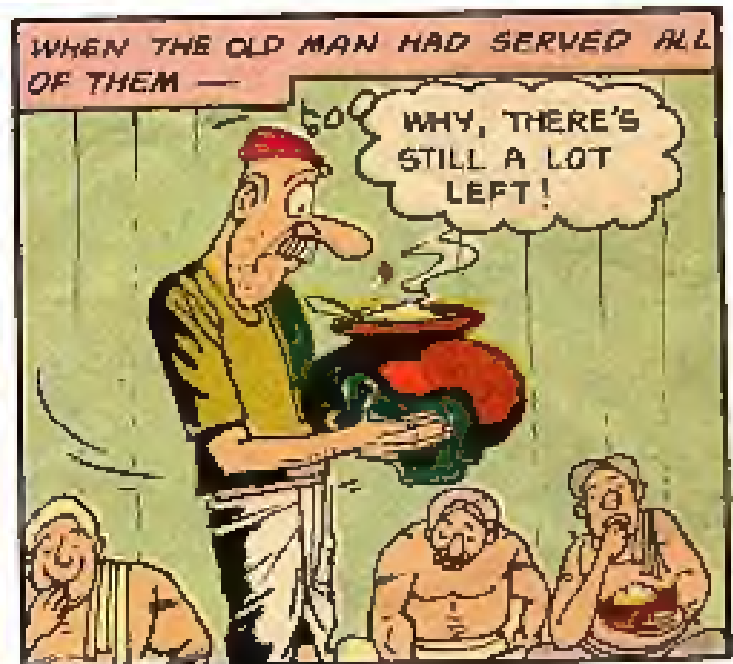
MMM...MMM!

I WONDER WHAT THE OLD MAN IS COOKING!



LET'S FIND OUT!







IN FACT THE QUANTITY DOES NOT SEEM TO HAVE DECREASED AT ALL.



IT COULD ONLY BE DUE TO THE CONCH. IT MUST BE A MAGICAL ONE.



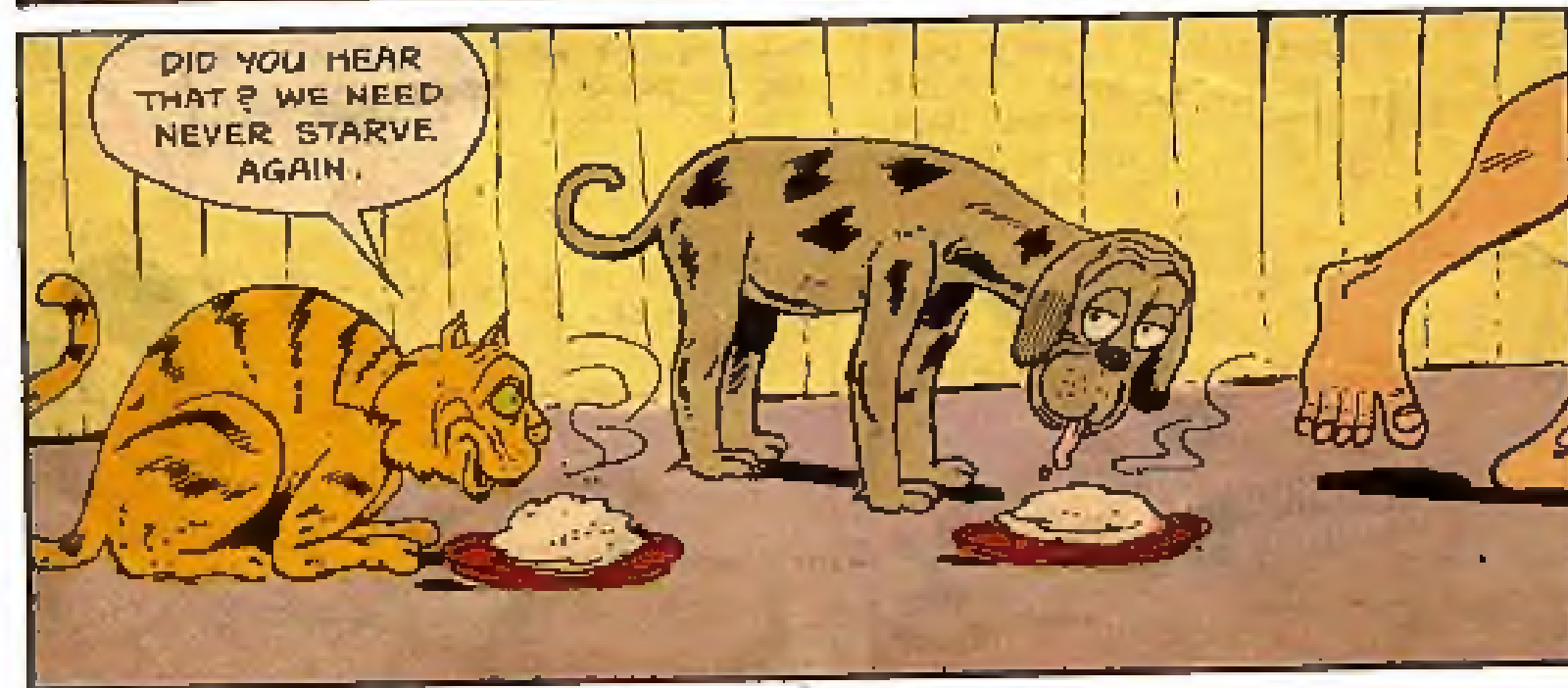
HERE, MY FRIENDS. I'M SORRY I KEPT YOU WAITING FOR SO LONG.



EAT AS MUCH AS YOU WANT. THERE WILL BE ENOUGH RICE AS LONG AS THE CONCH IS IN THE POT.

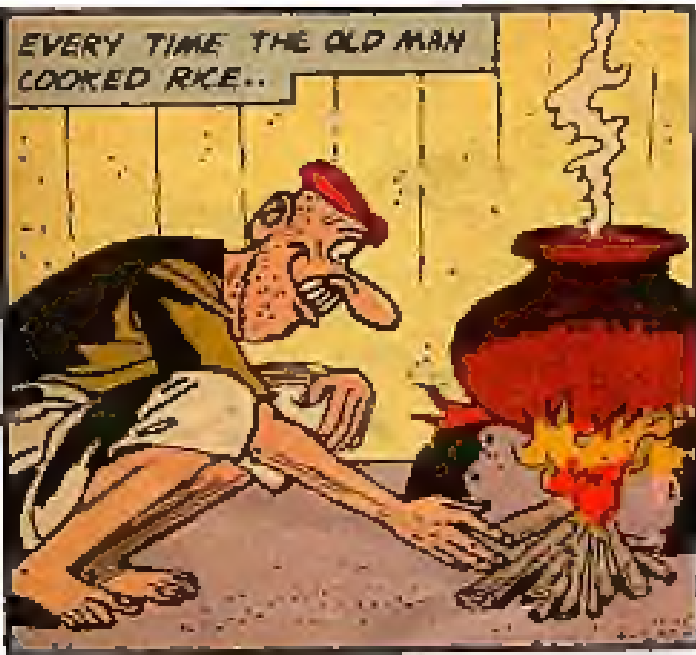


DID YOU HEAR THAT? WE NEED NEVER STARVE AGAIN.





EVERY TIME THE OLD MAN  
COOKED RICE...



...PEOPLE WOULD FLOCK TO HIS HOUSE.



COME IN,  
MY FRIENDS.

SOON THERE WERE SO MANY PEOPLE COMING  
EVERY DAY THAT HE BEGAN TO CHARGE A  
SMALL PRICE FOR THE RICE.



THE PEOPLE PAID  
WILLINGLY AND HE  
MADE A LOT OF MONEY.

THE CAT AND THE DOG TOO  
BECAME FAT WITH THE GOOD  
FOOD THEY ATE.



THIS IS THE SORT  
OF LIFE I LOVE.  
PLENTY TO EAT...

...AND NO  
WORK TO DO.



DAYS AND WEEKS PASSED. ONE MORNING HIS  
FIRST CUSTOMERS WERE SOME TRAVELLERS.

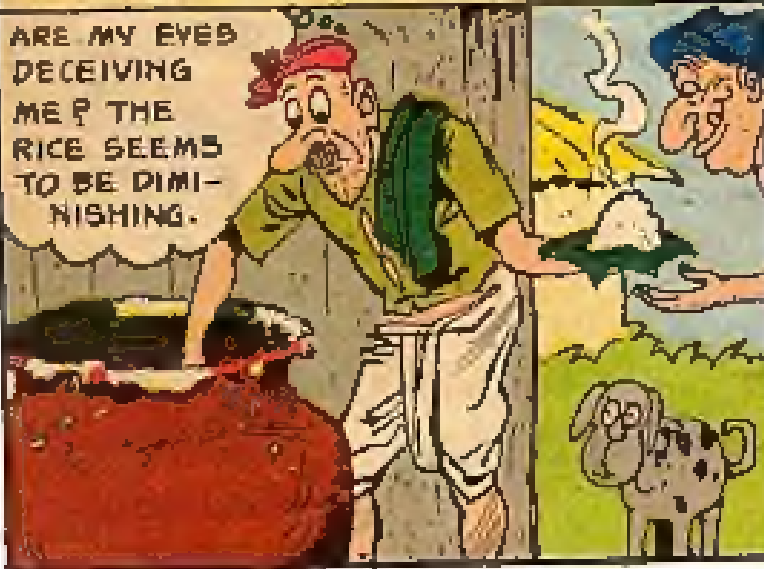


THEY BOUGHT A LOT OF RICE FROM HIM AND TOOK IT AWAY WITH THEM.



SOME TIME LATER AS THE OLD MAN WAS SERVING HIS OTHER CUSTOMERS —

ARE MY EYES DECEIVING ME? THE RICE SEEMS TO BE DIMINISHING.



WHEN HE HAD TAKEN OUT A FEW MORE LAPLES —

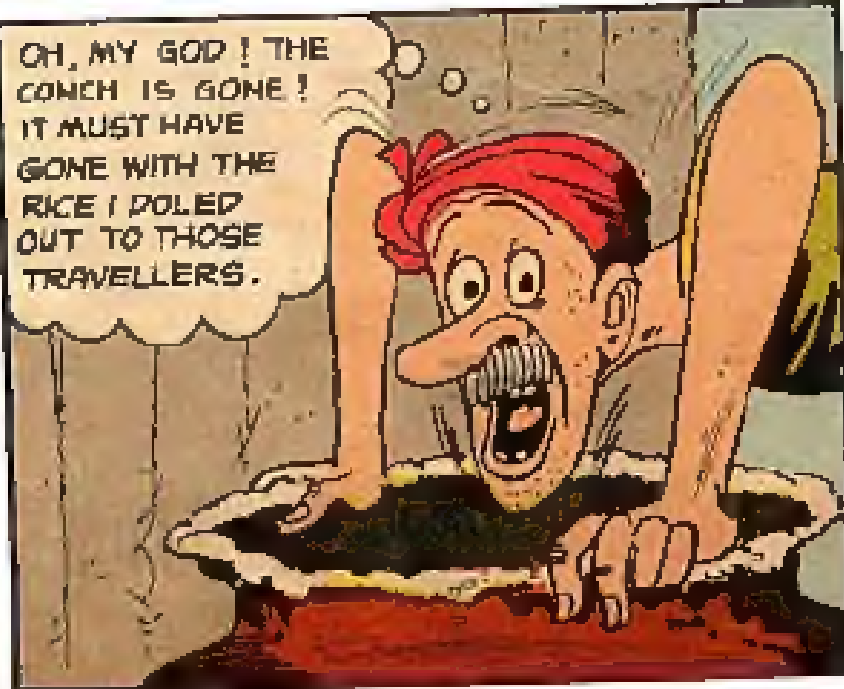
THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT ABOUT IT NOW. THE QUANTITY HAS GREATLY DECREASED.

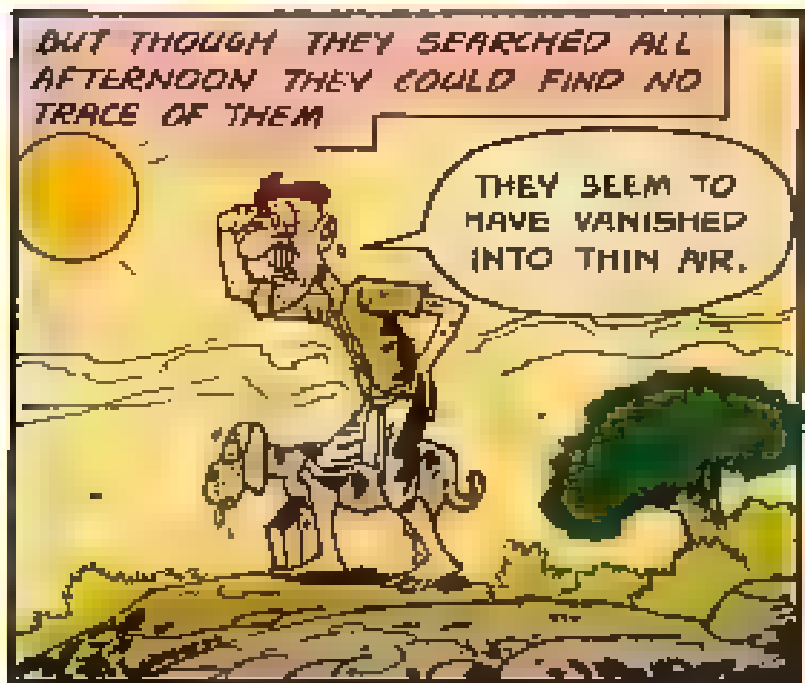
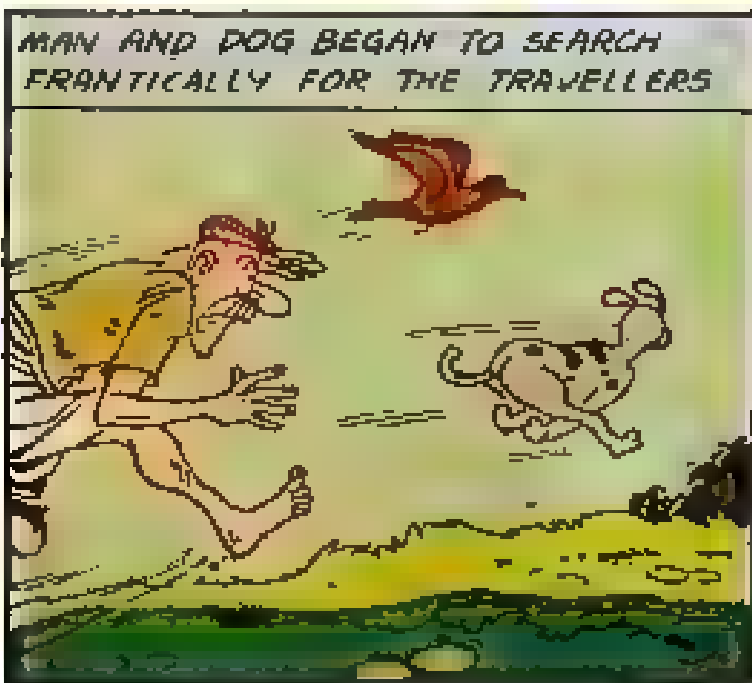
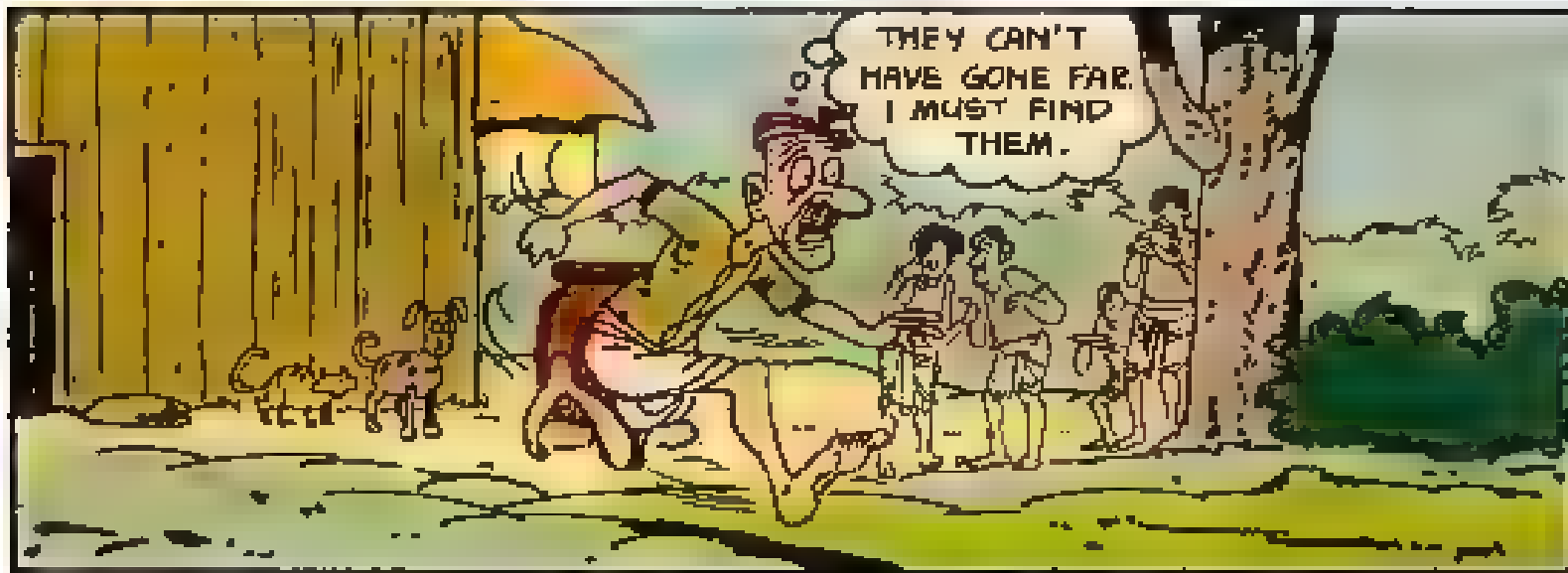


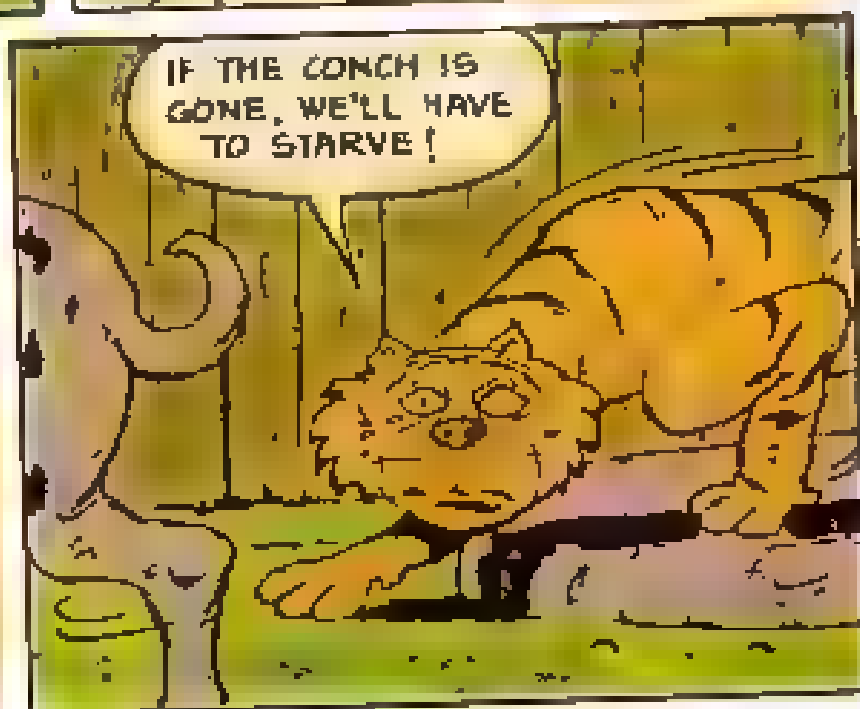
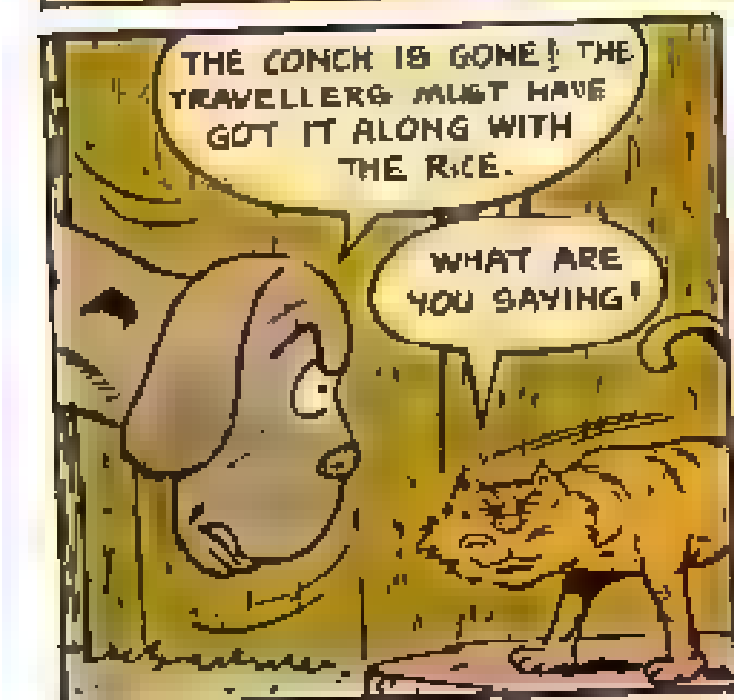
THE CONCH! WHERE IS THE CONCH?



OH, MY GOD! THE CONCH IS GONE! IT MUST HAVE GONE WITH THE RICE I DOLED OUT TO THOSE TRAVELLERS.

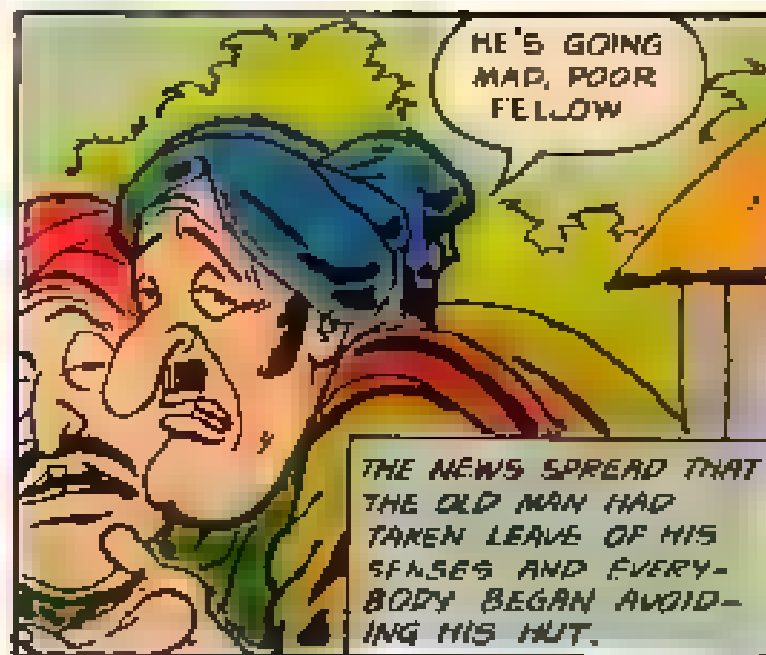








THE VILLAGERS WONDERED WHY THE OLD MAN HAD STOPPED COOKING HIS DELIC-  
TABLE RICE SOME OF THEM WHO WENT TO  
ENQUIRE CAME BACK WITH PUZZLED  
LOOKS ON THEIR FACES

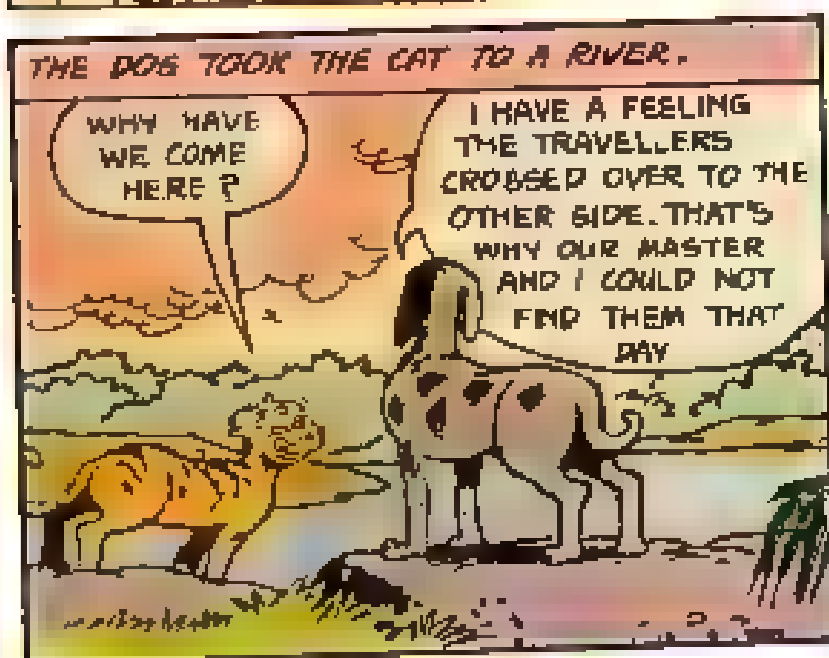


HE GOT ON FAIRLY WELL IN THE BEGINNING, HE HAD MONEY AND HE COULD BUY THE FOOD HE WANTED

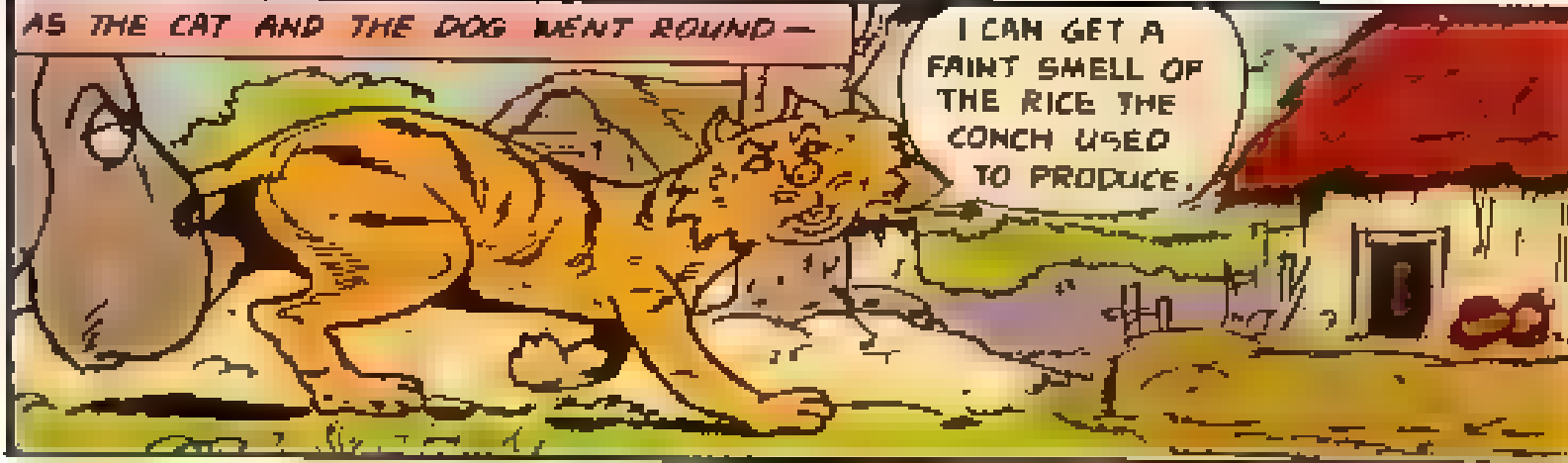


BUT IN COURSE OF TIME HIS MONEY BEGAN TO RUN OUT.





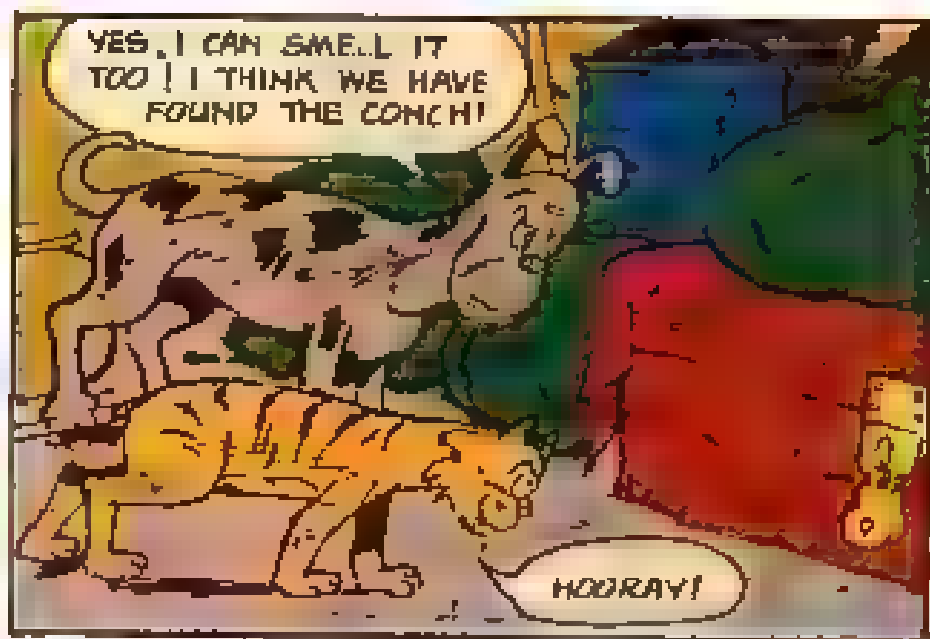
AS THE CAT AND THE DOG WENT ROUND —



I CAN GET A  
FAINT SMELL OF  
THE RICE THE  
CONCH USED  
TO PRODUCE.

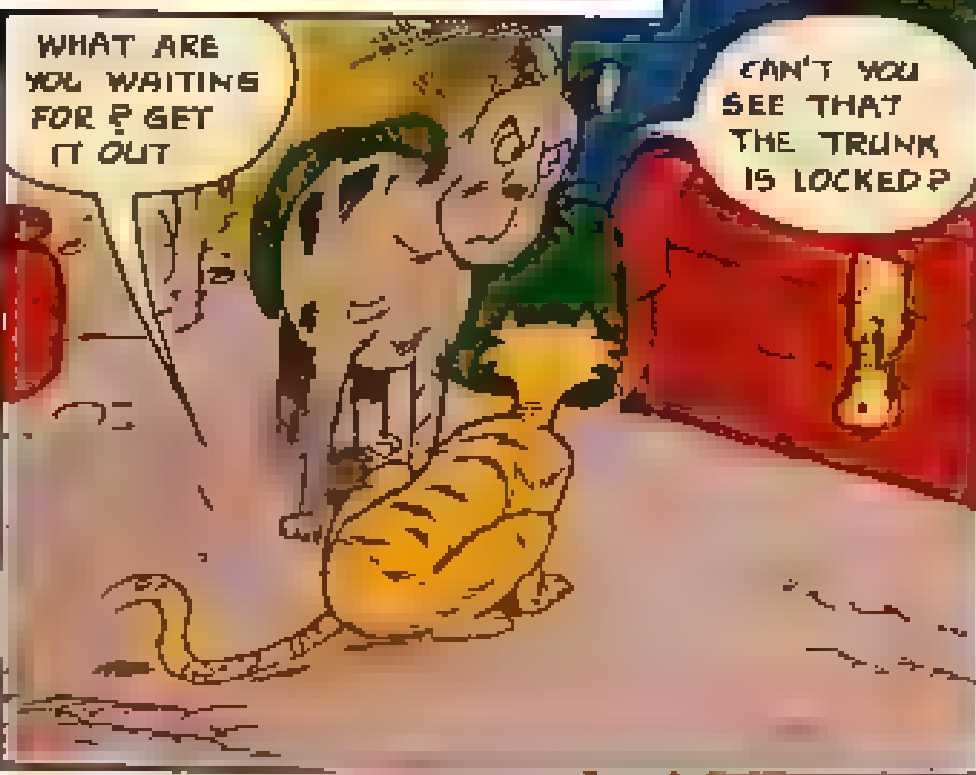


IT SEEMS  
TO BE COMING  
FROM THAT  
WOODEN TRUNK



YES, I CAN SMELL IT  
TOO! I THINK WE HAVE  
FOUND THE CONCH!

HOORAY!



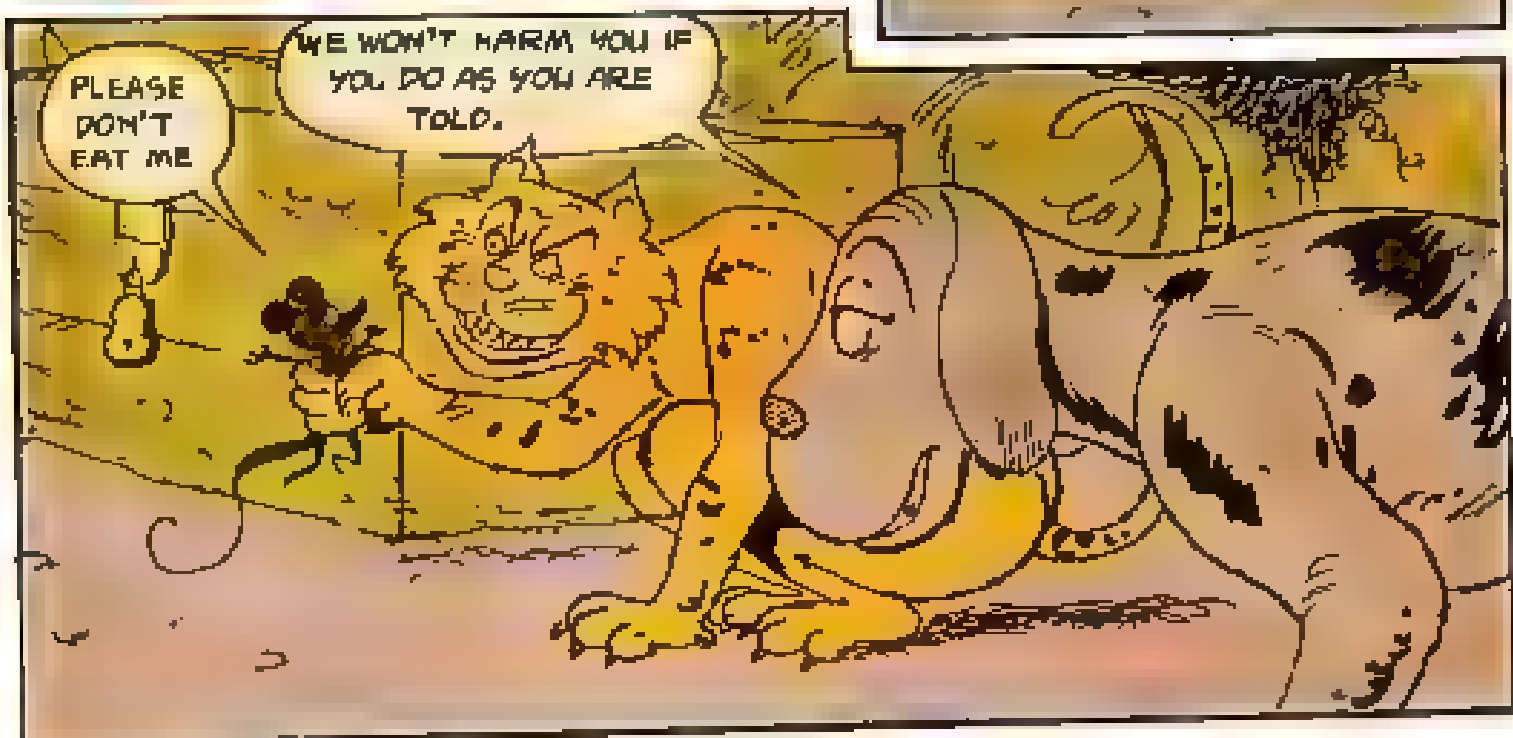
WHAT ARE  
YOU WAITING  
FOR? GET  
IT OUT

CAN'T YOU  
SEE THAT  
THE TRUNK  
IS LOCKED?

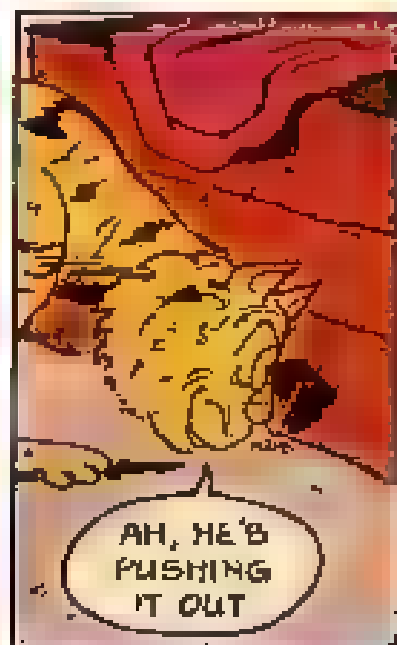


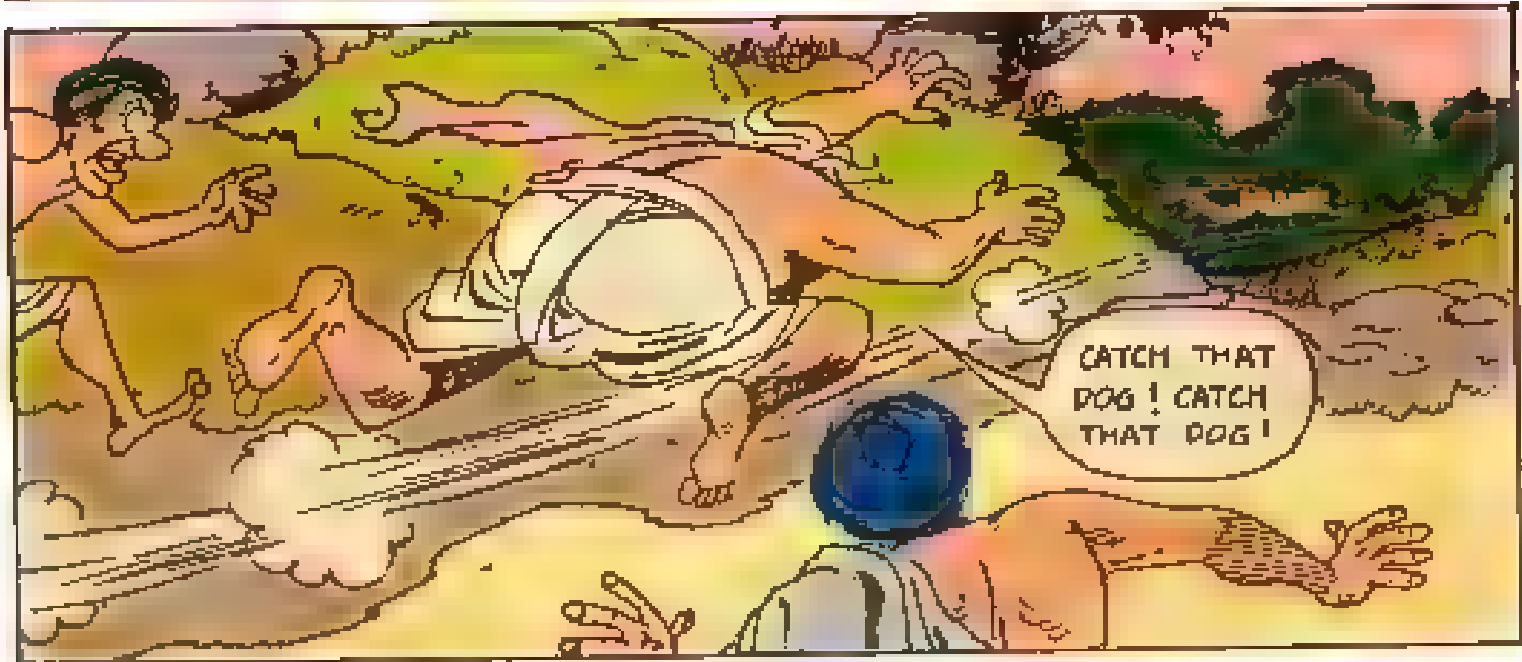
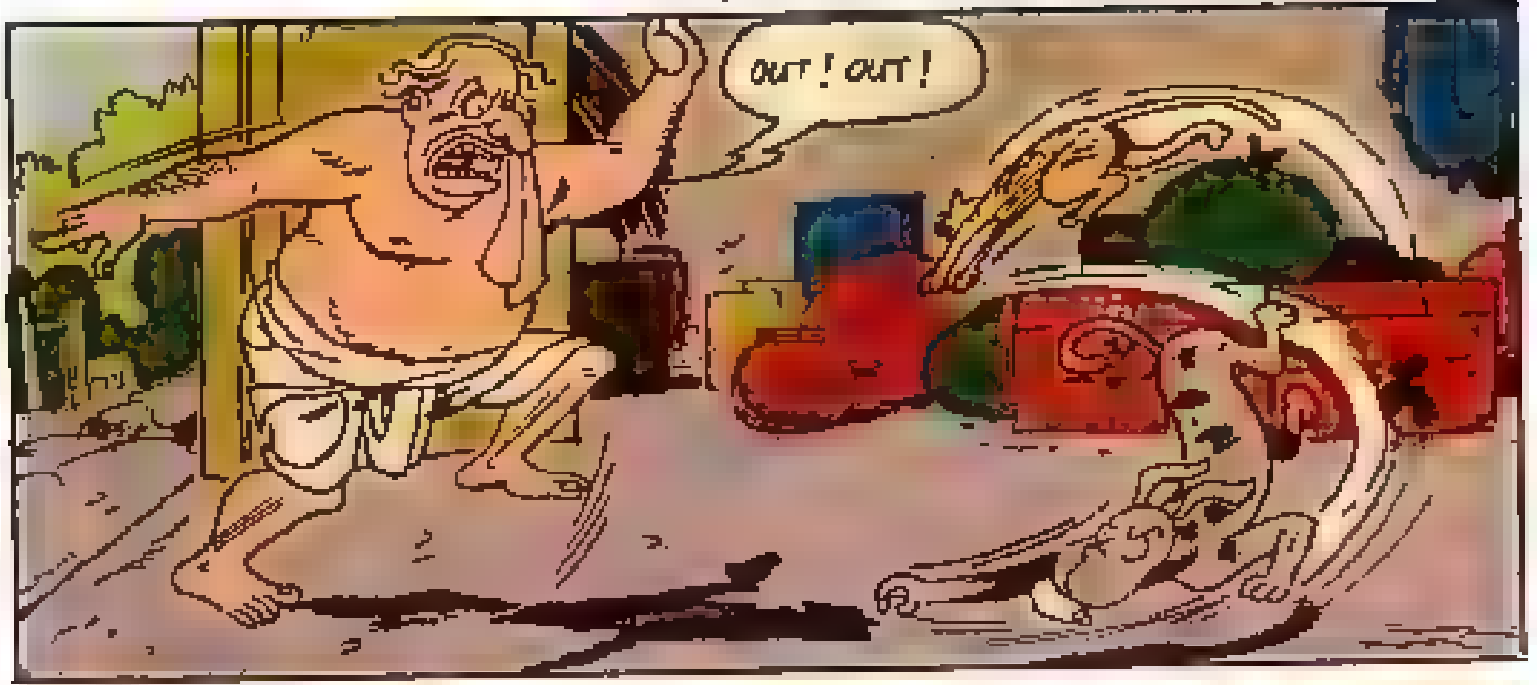
WE'LL HAVE TO  
BREAK INTO IT  
SOMEHOW. DO YOU  
THINK YOU COULD  
CATCH A RAT?

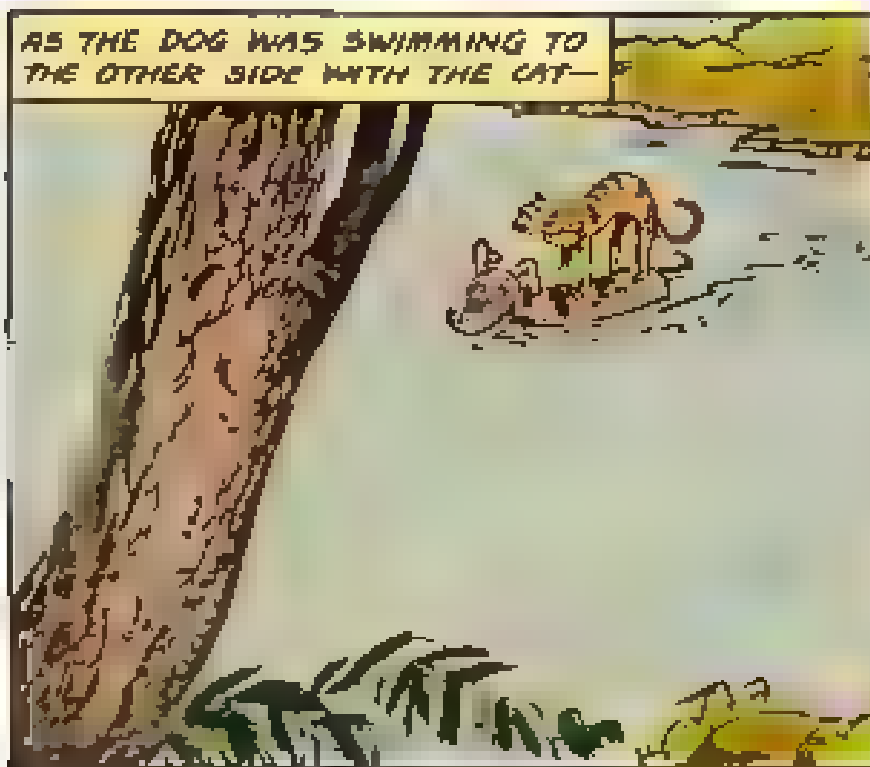
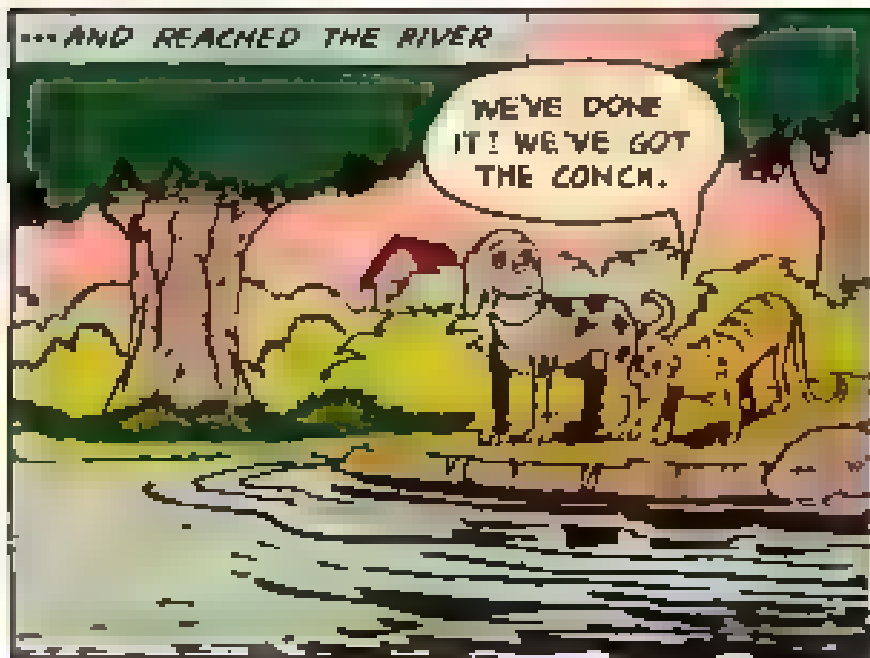
A RAT?

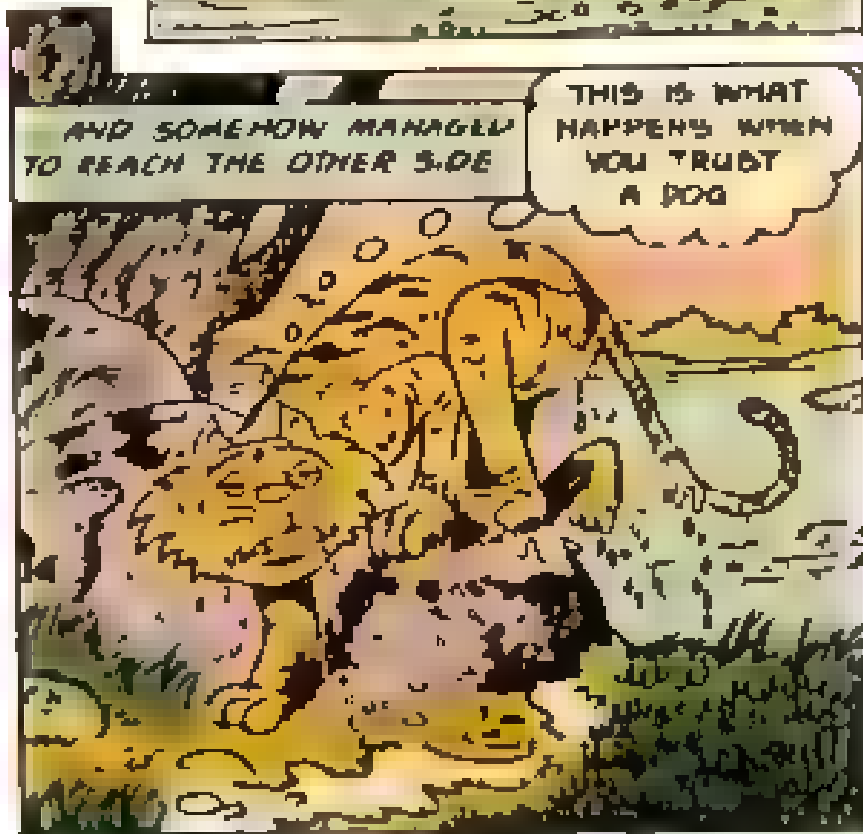
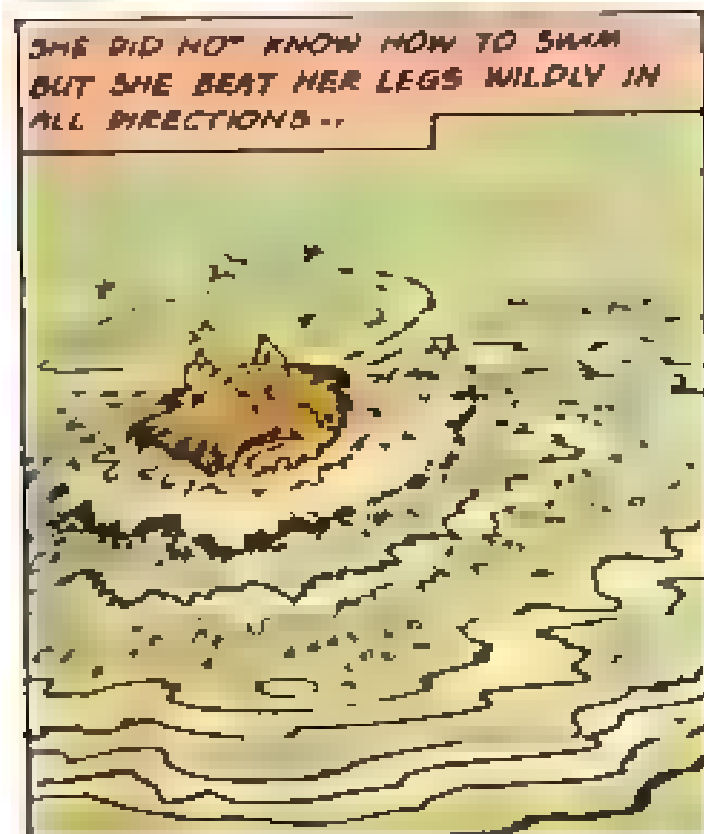
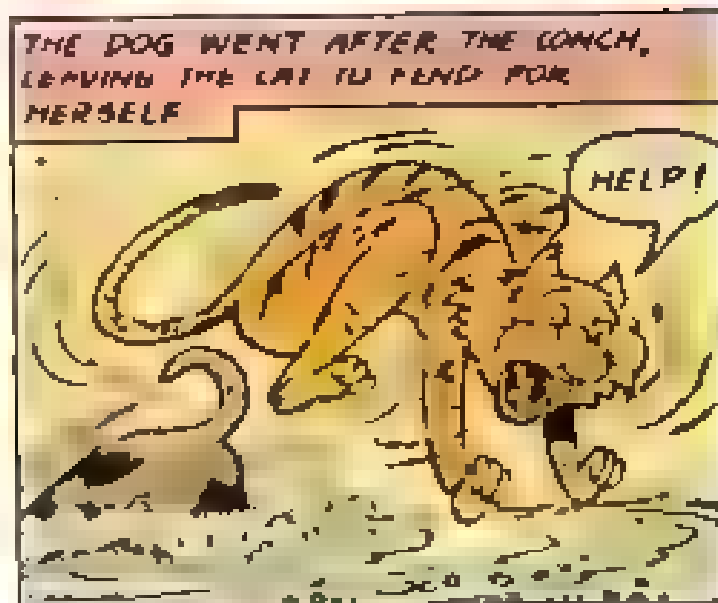
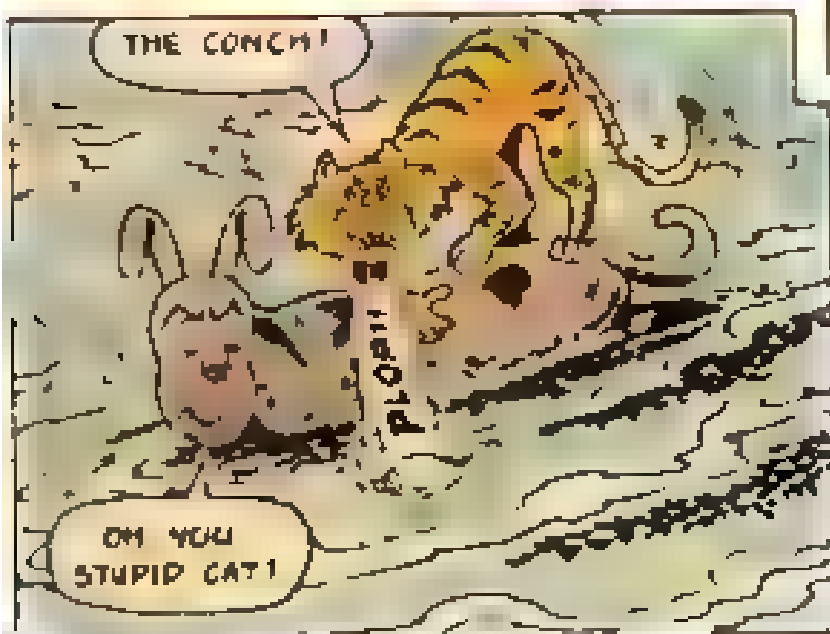




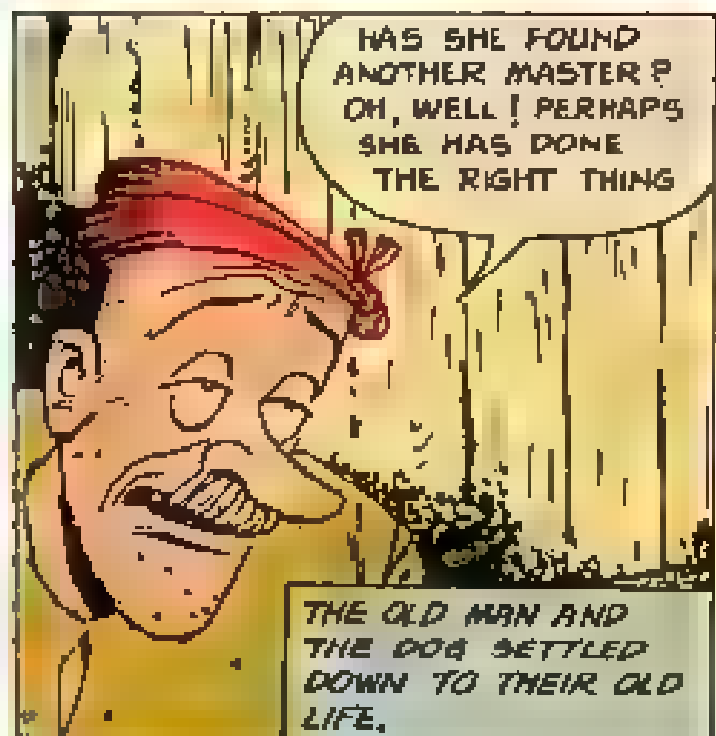
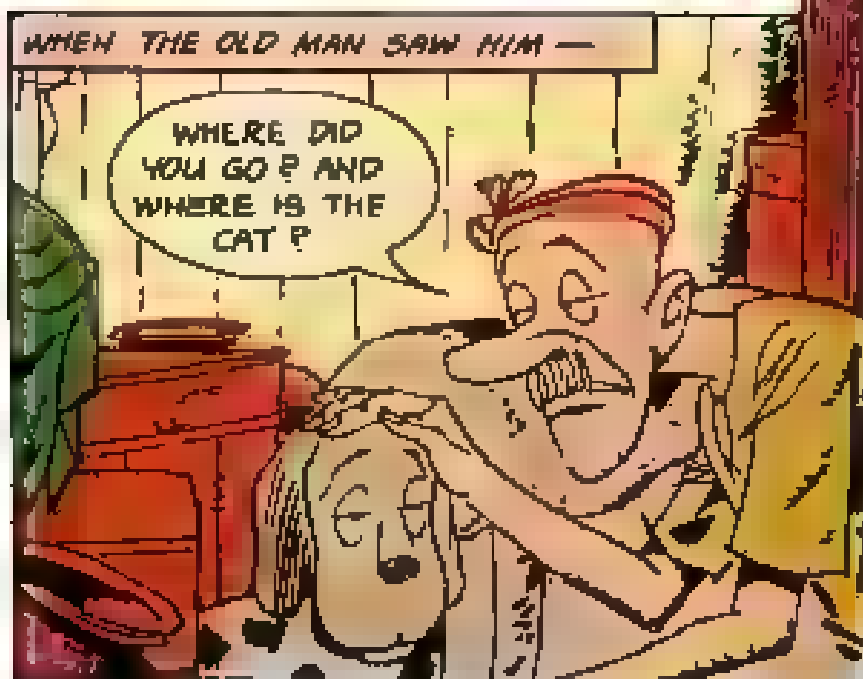
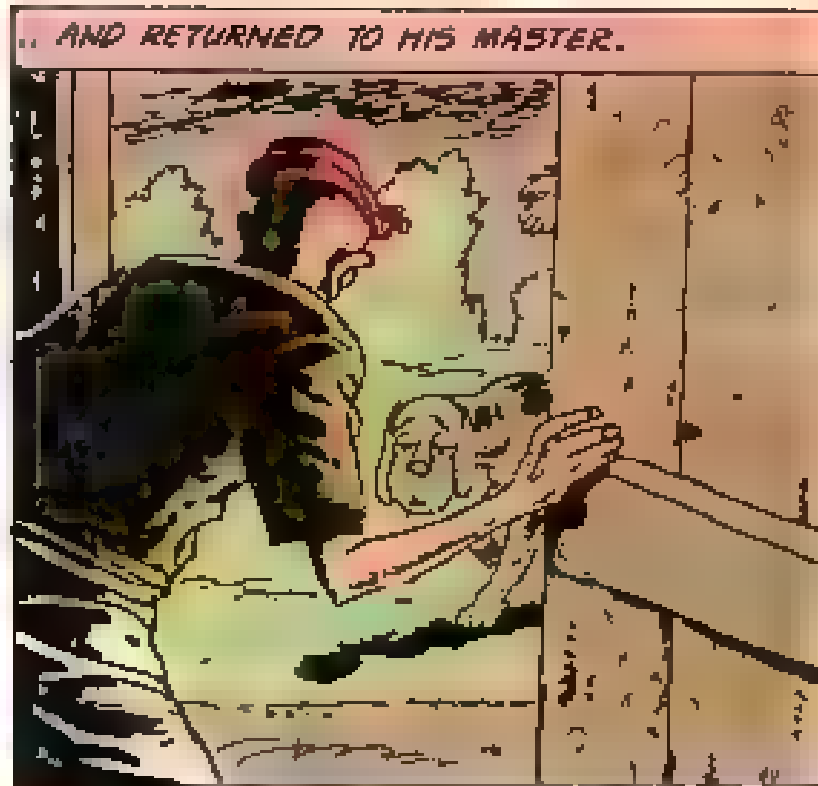
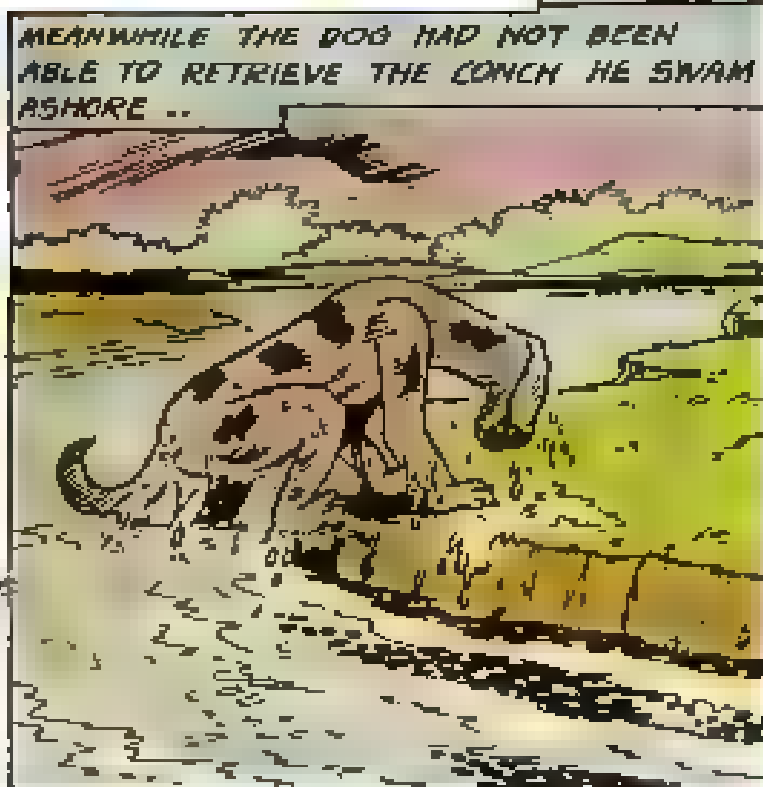




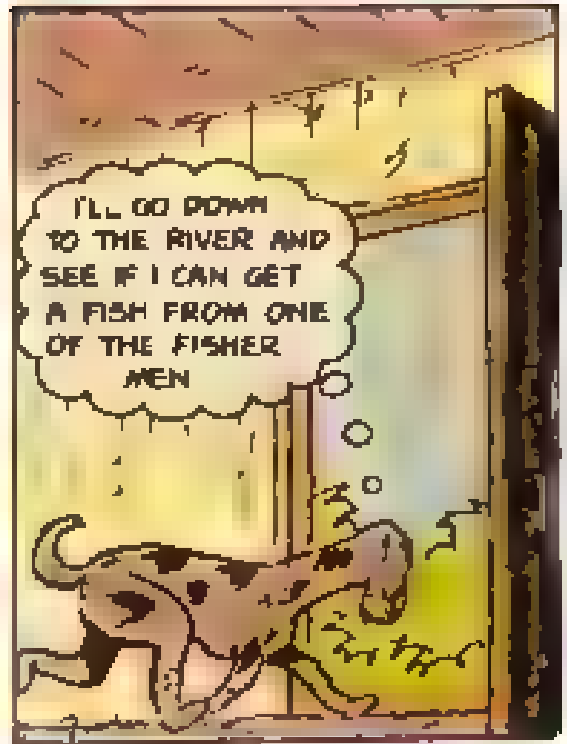
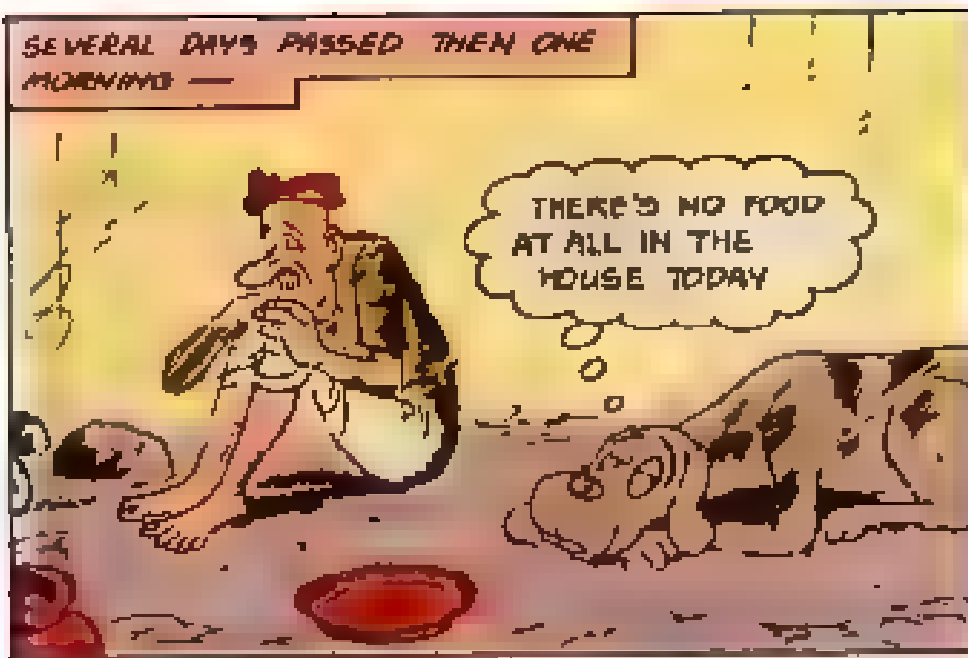






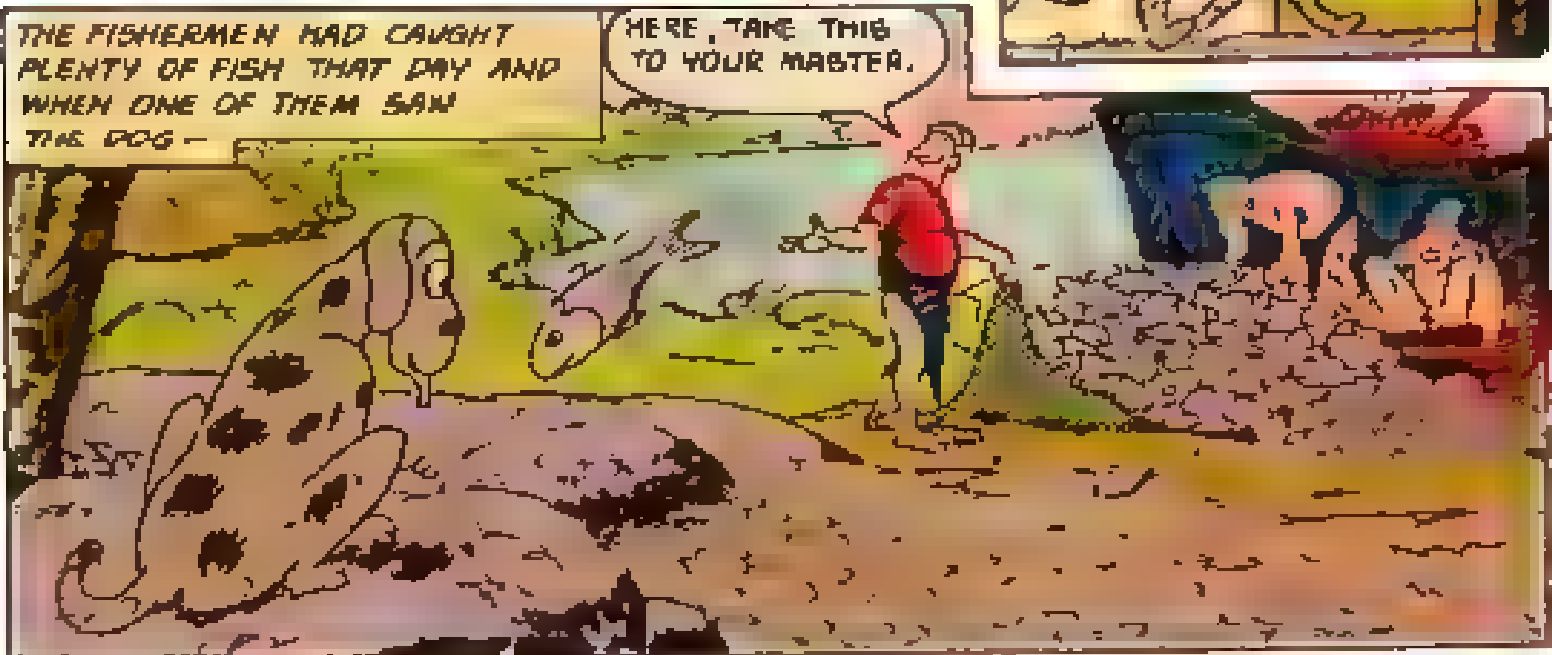


SEVERAL DAYS PASSED THEN ONE MORNING —



THE FISHERMEN HAD CAUGHT PLENTY OF FISH THAT DAY AND WHEN ONE OF THEM SAW THE DOG —

HERE, TAKE THIS TO YOUR MASTER.



NOW LET'S CLEAN  
AND COOK THIS  
MAGNIFICENT FISH

THE MAN CLEANED THE FISH.

WHEN HE CUT IT OPEN —

A CONCH!

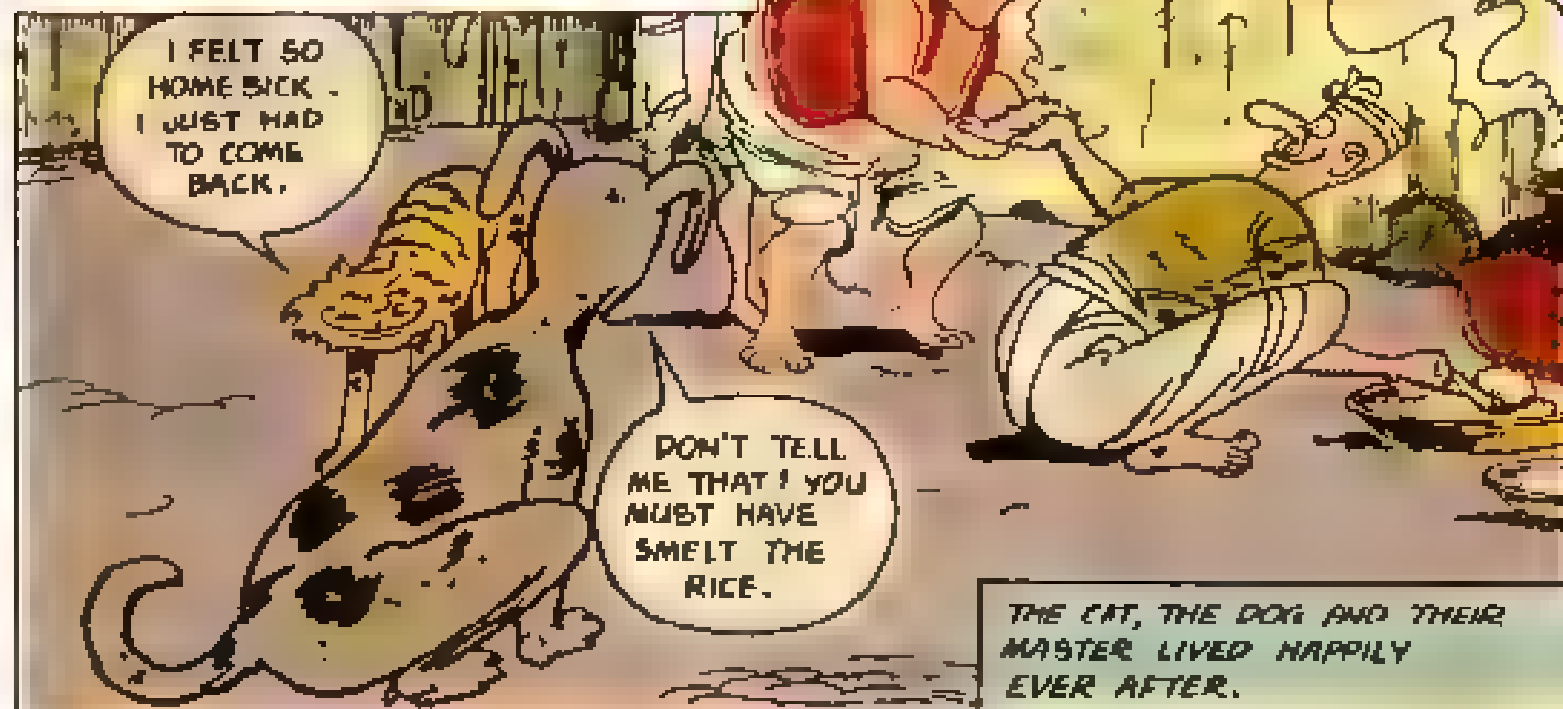
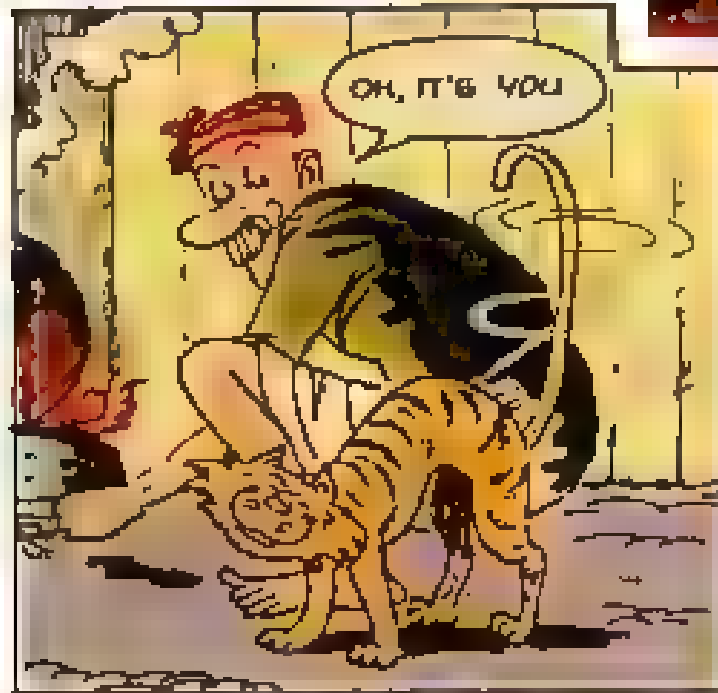
I ... I THINK  
IT'S THE SAME  
CONCH WHICH  
WE LOST.

WE HAVE GOT  
OUR CONCH  
BACK

THE  
NEXT  
DAY —

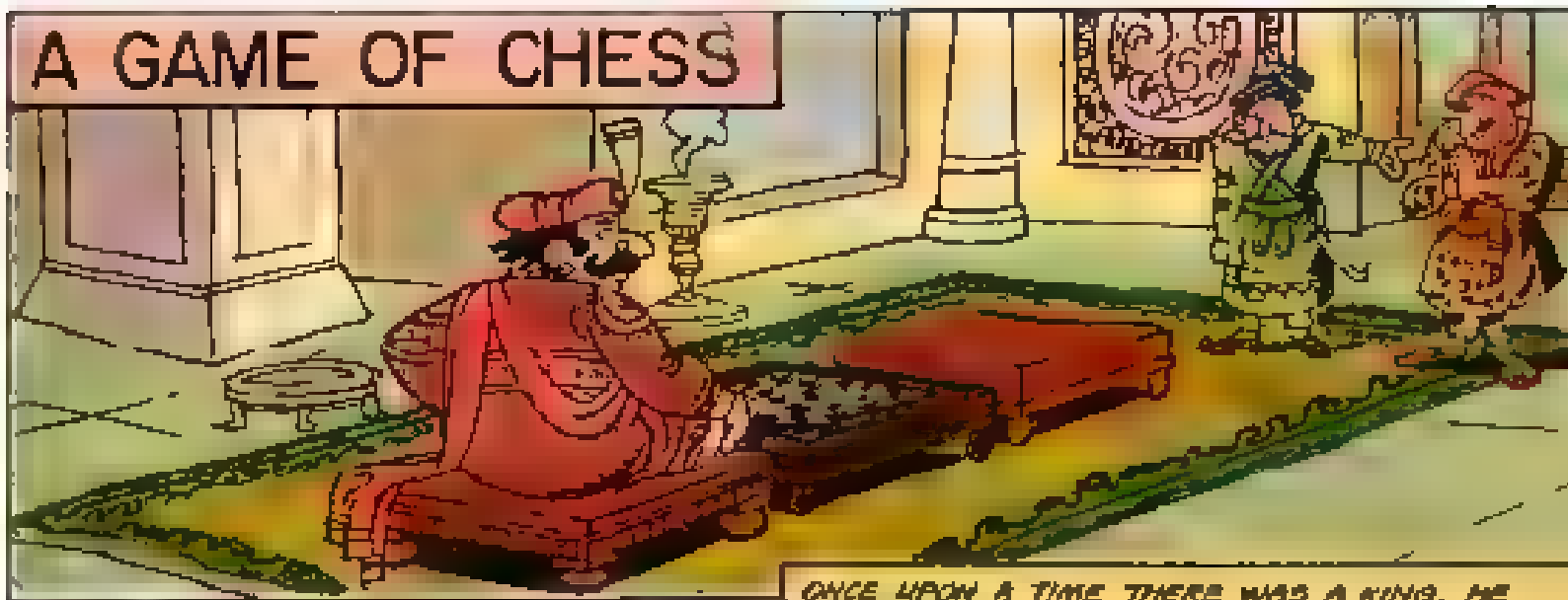
IS MY NOSE  
DECEIVING ME  
OR

IT ISN'T  
I CAN SMELL  
IT TOO!





# A GAME OF CHESS



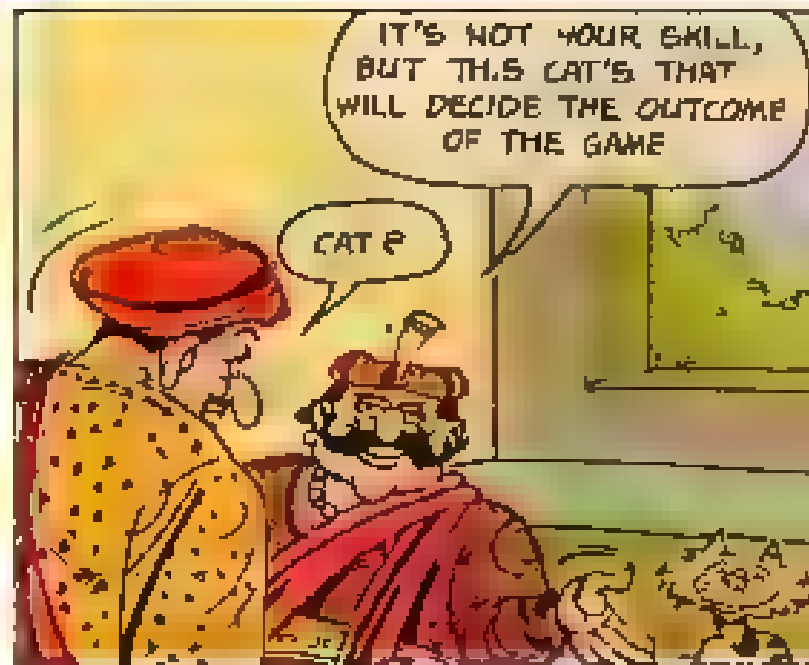
ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A KING. HE WAS A DESPOT AND HE HAD A STRANGE METHOD OF ACQUIRING SLAVES

ANYBODY WHO NEEDED HIS HELP HAD TO PLAY A GAME OF CHESS WITH HIM



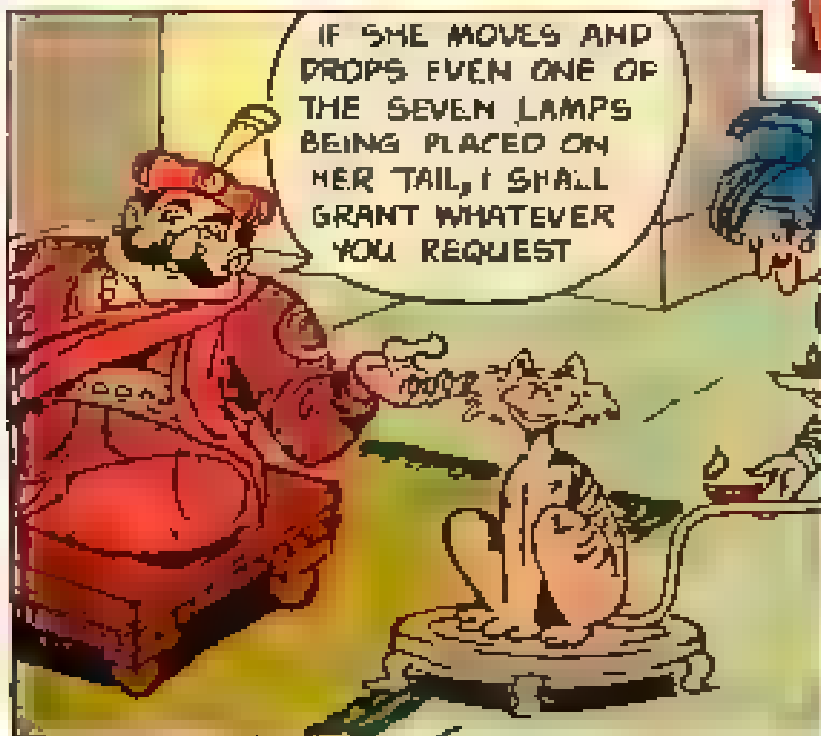
I AM NOT VERY GOOD AT THIS GAME, YOUR MAJESTY.

THAT DOESN'T MATTER.



IT'S NOT YOUR SKILL, BUT THIS CAT'S THAT WILL DECIDE THE OUTCOME OF THE GAME

CAT P



IF SHE MOVES AND DROPS EVEN ONE OF THE SEVEN LAMPS BEING PLACED ON HER TAIL, I SHALL GRANT WHATEVER YOU REQUEST

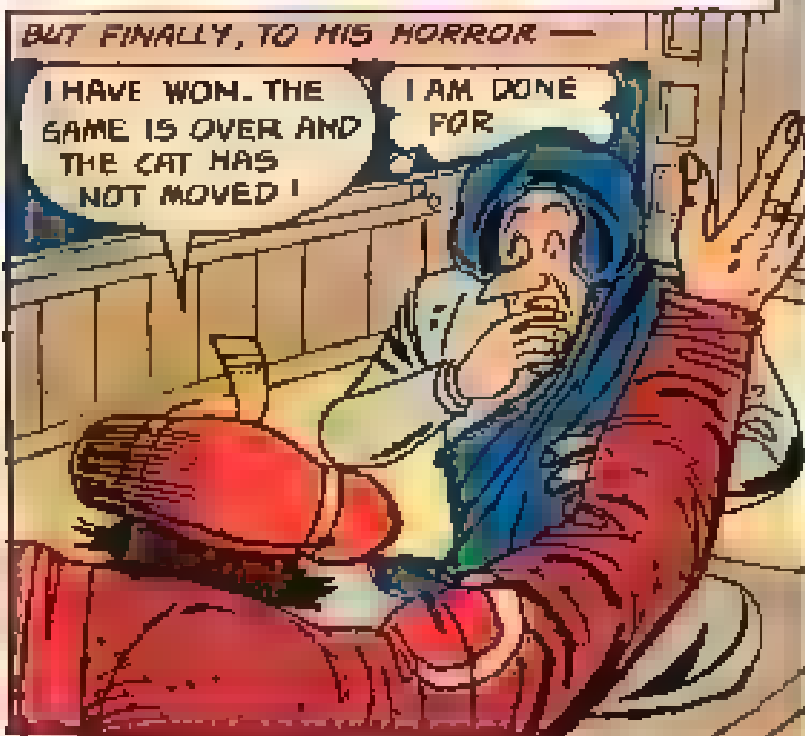
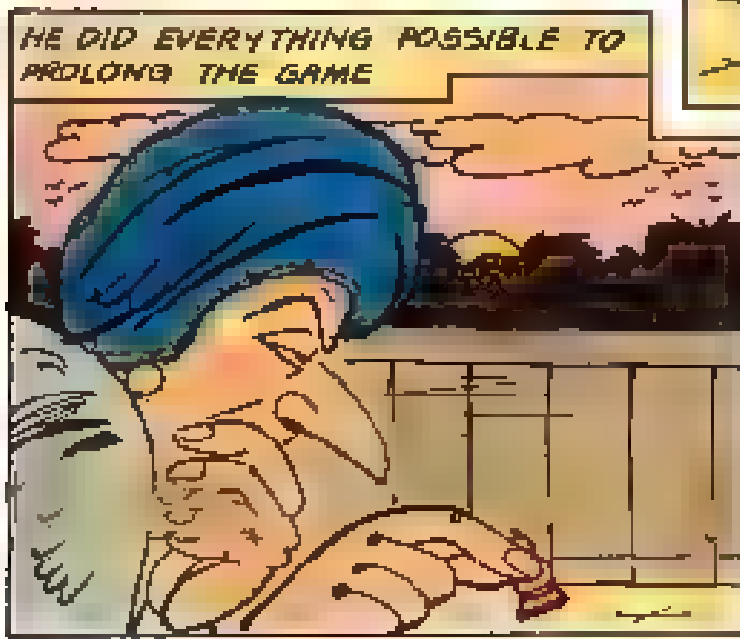
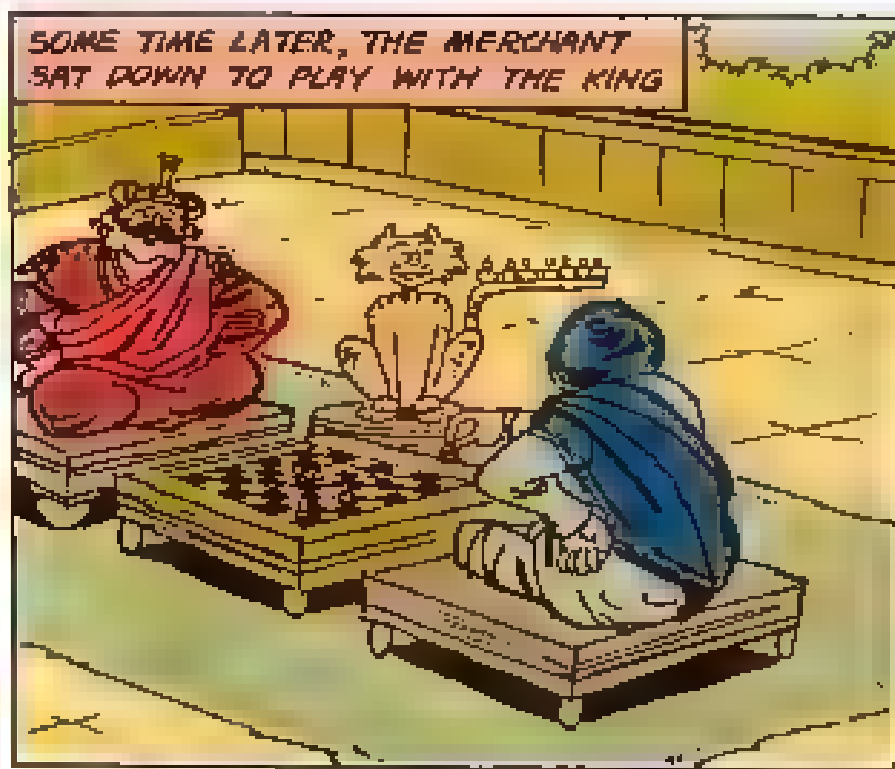


BUT IF SHE SHOULD SIT WITHOUT MOVING TILL THE END OF THE GAME, YOU SHALL BECOME MY SLAVE

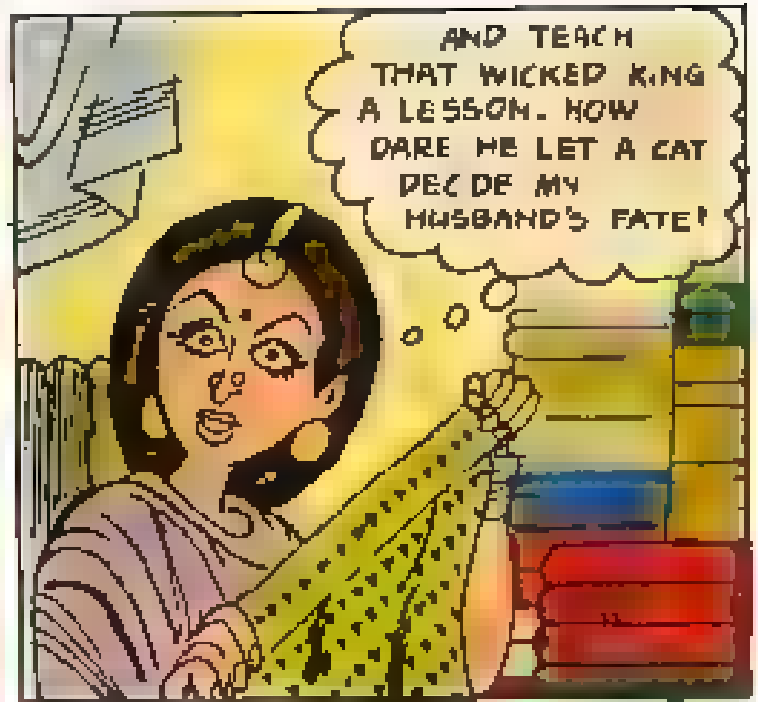


UNFORTUNATELY FOR ANYONE WHO PLAYED AGAINST THE KING, THE CAT WAS WELL TRAINED SO THE KING NEVER LOST.

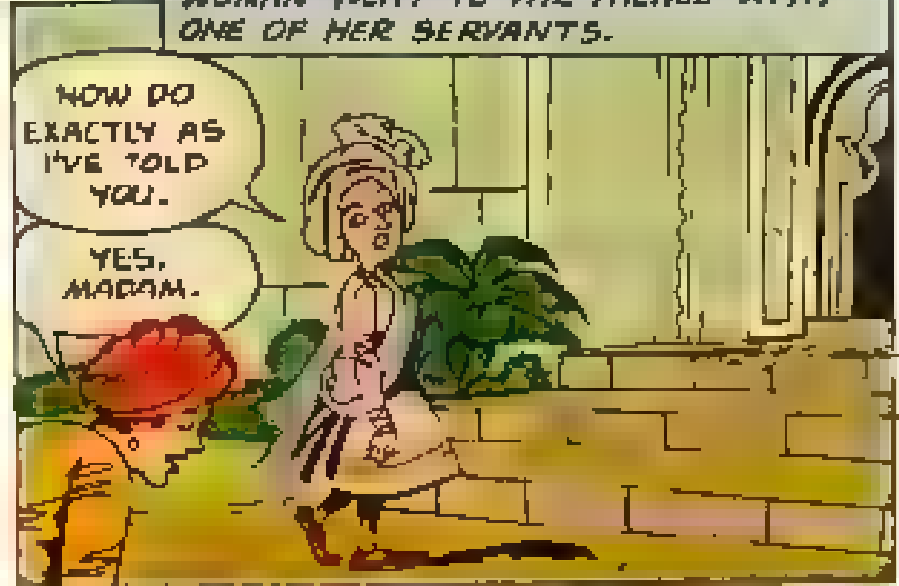


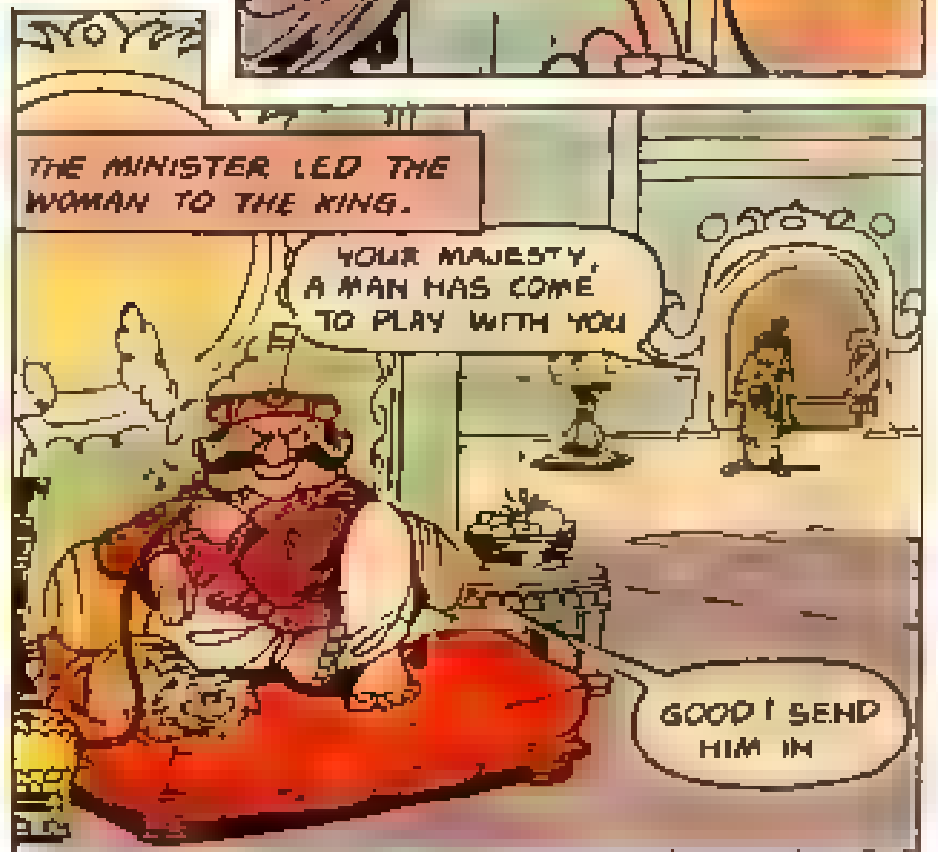
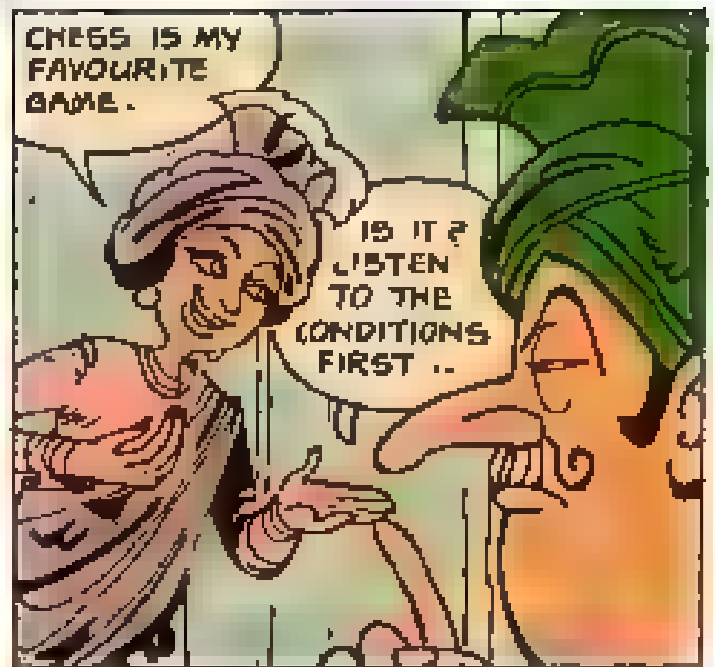


THE MERCHANT'S WIFE WAS A BRAVE AND CLEVER WOMAN WHEN SHE GOT THE NEWS OF HER HUSBAND'S MISFORTUNE —



DRESSING HERSELF UP AS A MAN, THE WOMAN WENT TO THE PALACE WITH ONE OF HER SERVANTS.







THE GAME BEGAN. THE KING PLAYED CONFIDENTLY.

THIS MAN TOO WILL SOON BE MY SLAVE

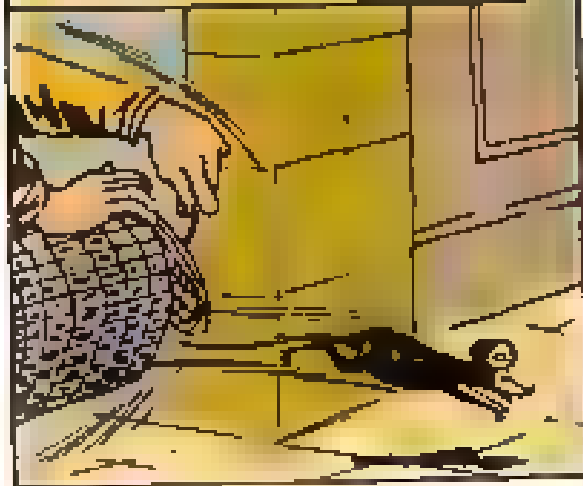
AFTER SOME TIME, THE SERVANT WHO WAS STANDING OUTSIDE...



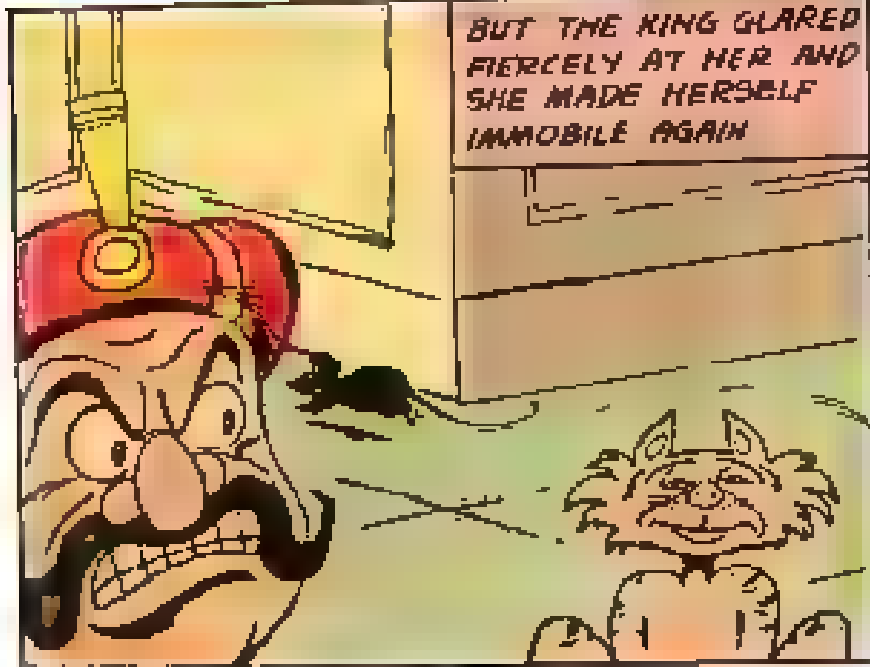
ON SEEING THE MOUSE, THE CAT STIFFENED AND PRICKED UP HER EARS.



RELEASED A MOUSE INTO THE PLAYING ROOM.



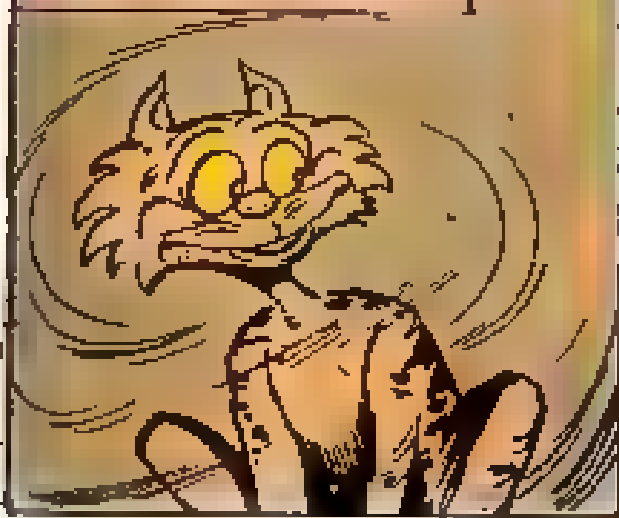
BUT THE KING GLARED FIERCELY AT HER AND SHE MADE HERSELF IMMOBILE AGAIN



A LITTLE LATER, THE SERVANT LET OUT ANOTHER MOUSE.



AGAIN THE CAT MOVED  
RESTLESSLY...

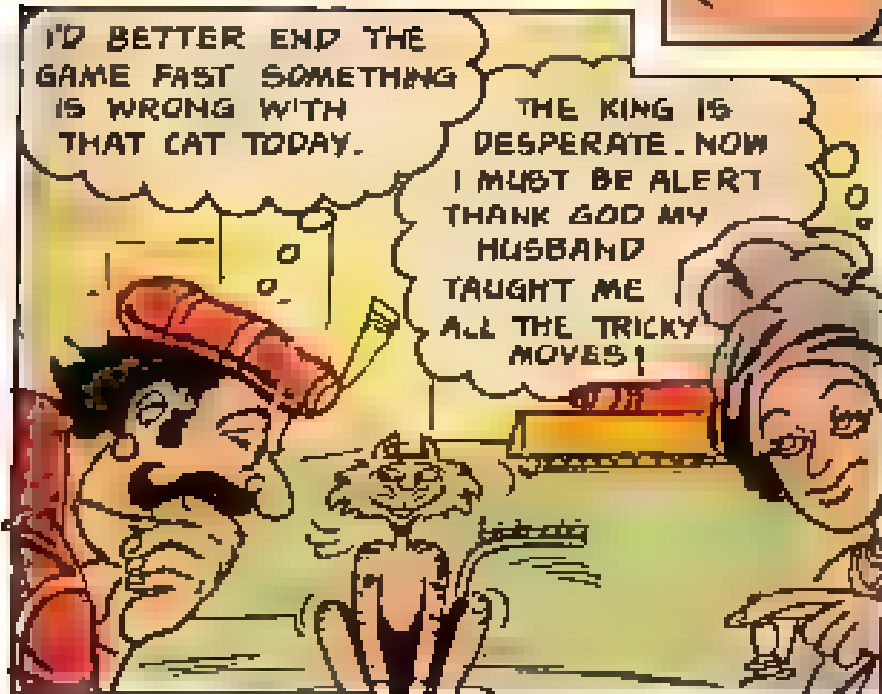


AND ALMOST DROPPED A LAMP.



I'D BETTER END THE  
GAME FAST SOMETHING  
IS WRONG WITH  
THAT CAT TODAY.

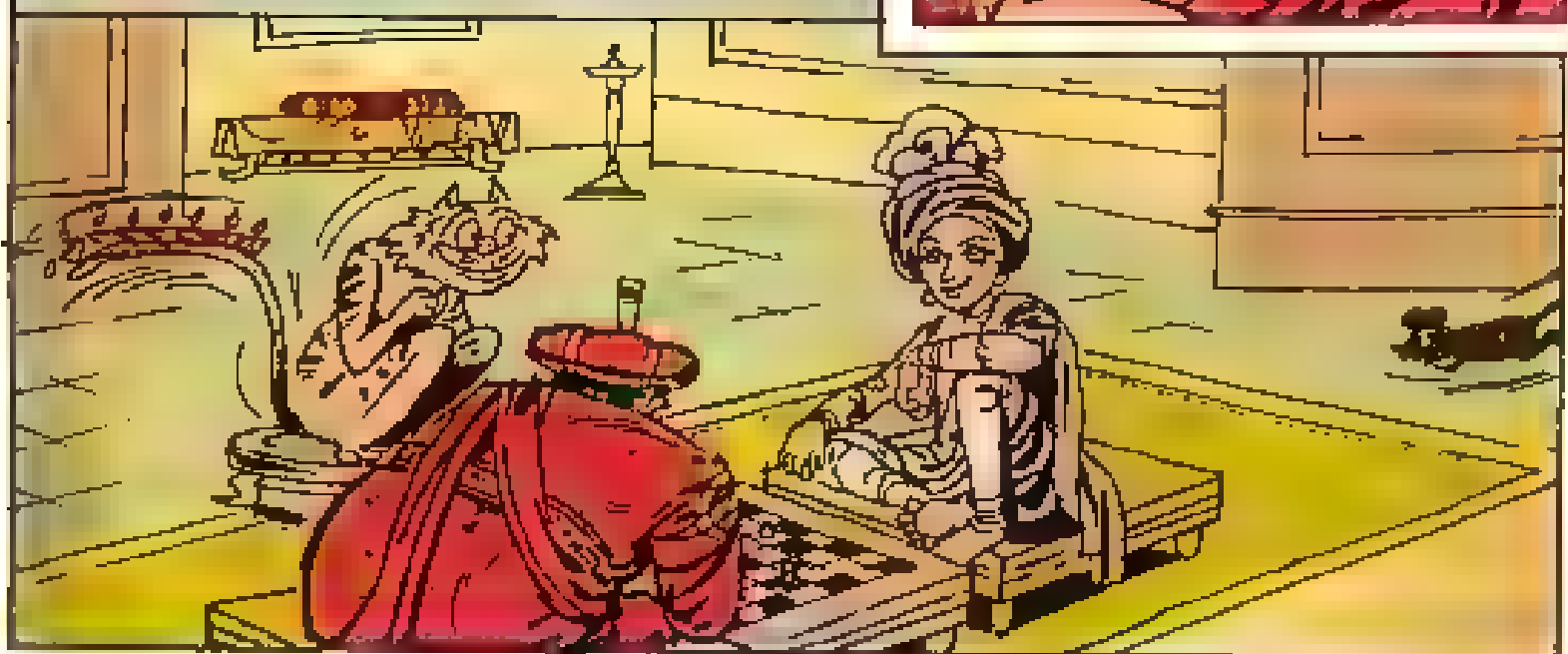
THE KING IS  
DESPERATE. NOW  
I MUST BE ALERT  
THANK GOD MY  
HUSBAND  
TAUGHT ME  
ALL THE TRICKY  
MOVES!



AS THE KING TRIED FRANTICALLY  
TO FINISH THE GAME.



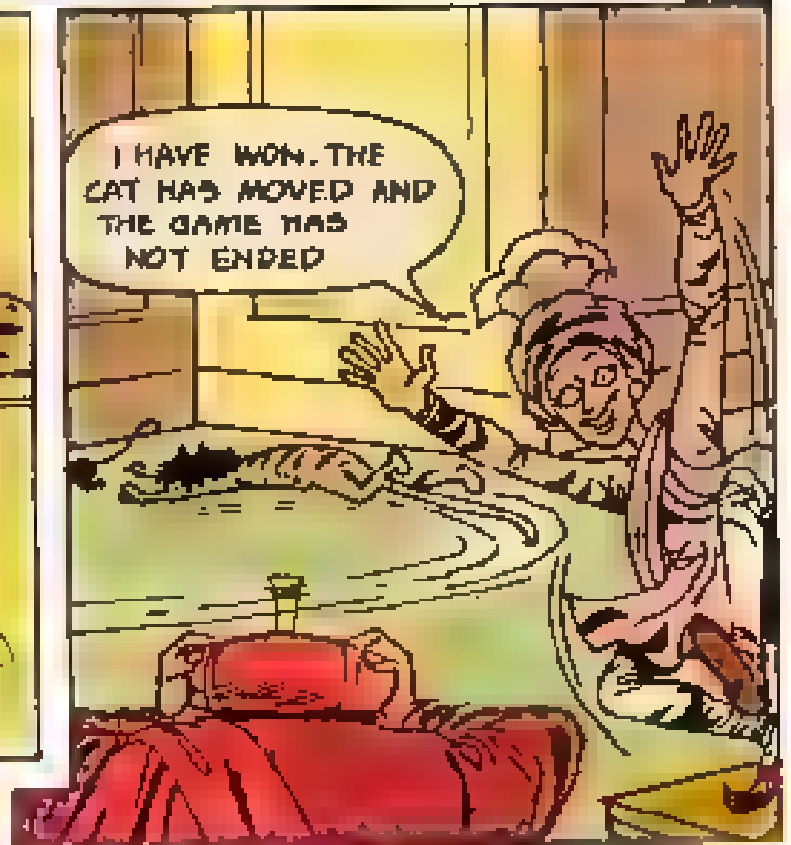
... THE SERVANT LET OUT A THIRD MOUSE



THIS TIME THE CAT COULD NOT RESTRAIN HERSELF. SHE JUMPED FORWARD, UPSETTING ALL THE LAMPS



I HAVE WON. THE CAT HAS MOVED AND THE GAME HAS NOT ENDED



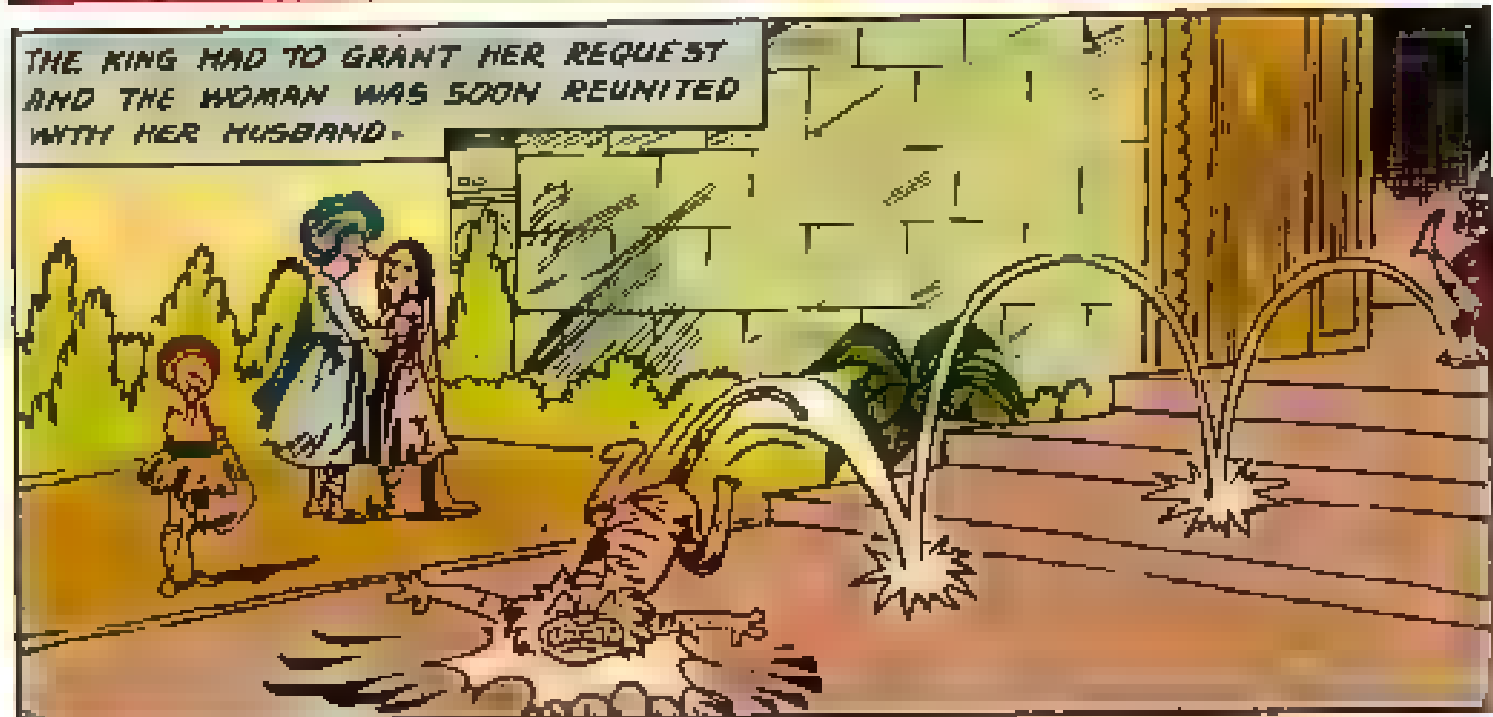
WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?



I WANT YOU TO RELEASE ALL THE MEN YOU HAVE ENSLAVED



THE KING HAD TO GRANT HER REQUEST AND THE WOMAN WAS SOON REUNITED WITH HER HUSBAND.



Butterfly, butterfly come and see  
My garden, my flowers and good old me  
Butterfly, butterfly here are some Gems  
For you, for me and all our friends.



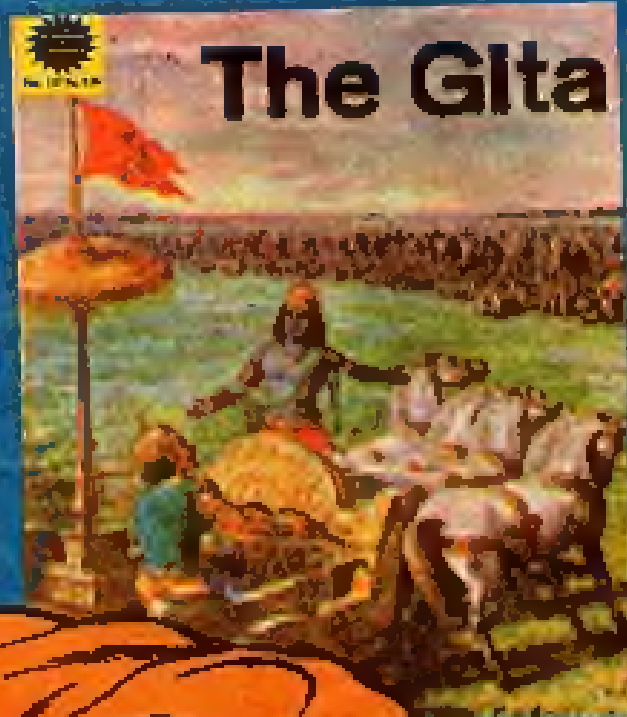
**Got a moment! Catch a Gem**

*Cadbury's*  
Chocolate

*Anything's possible with Cadbury's Gems*

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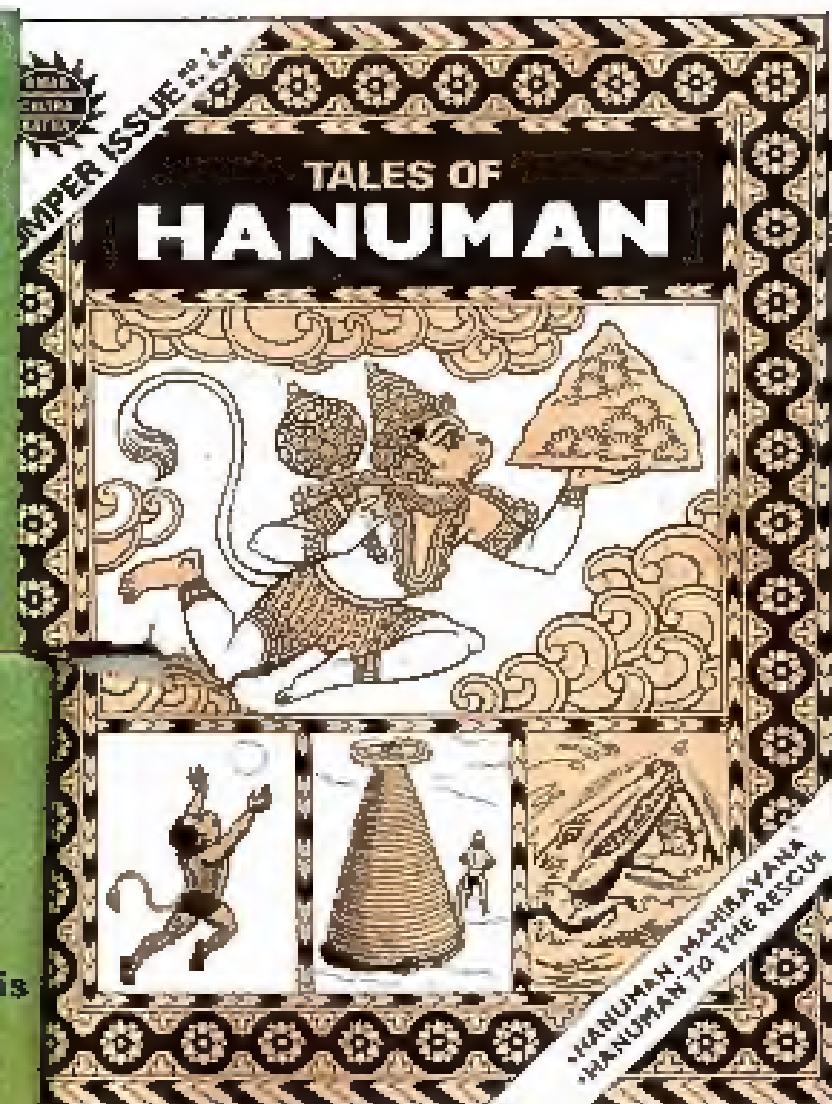
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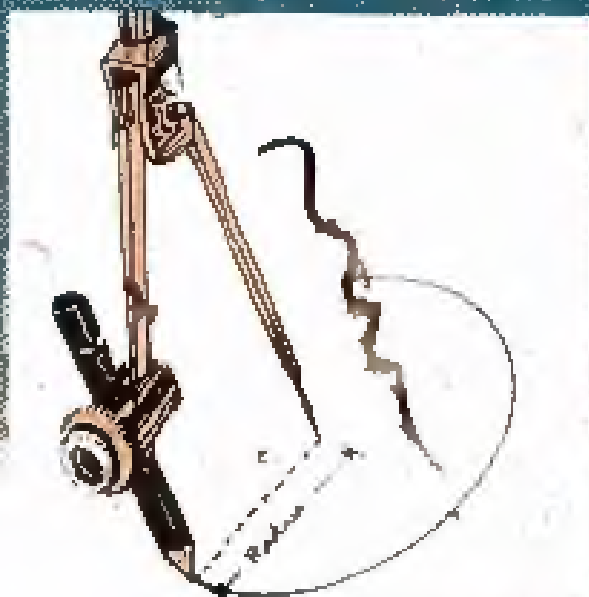
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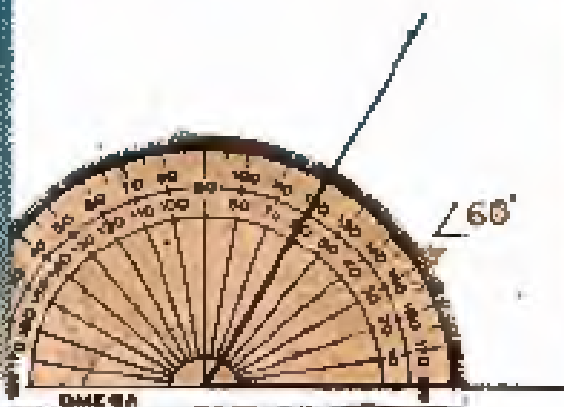


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